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CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY;

COLLECTION OF LETTERS,

ADDRESSED TO

Mourners.

“If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it.”

1 Corinthians, xii. 26.

THIRD EDITION, ENLARGED.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

J. HATCHARD AND SON,

187, PICCADILLY.

M.DCCC.XXIV.

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LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. S. HUGHES, 66, PATERNOSTER ROW.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS little book has been compiled, in the hope that the natural and unrestrained feelings of tender sympathy, which induced the writers of the following Letters, to address their friends in the various circumstances of their affliction, might make it more likely to prove acceptable and consolatory, than a more elaborate treatise.

The letters, for the most part, have never before been published. Those

of them which have already appeared in print, have been selected on account of their suitability to the proposed object, which is not so much to present what is absolutely new, as what may be most likely, under the Divine blessing, to afford consolation.

The persons to whom they were addressed, were those that had already "tasted that the Lord is gracious,"—who had "received the Spirit of Adoption, whereby they cry, Abba, Father," and were enabled to observe the love of that heavenly Father, in sending those chastisements, which were not only to be the proofs of their adoption, but that "they might be partakers of his holiness."

For many such, it is humbly hoped,

the consolation which was intended for a few individuals, may, by this means, be multiplied ; and other mourners, whose minds have, until now, been wholly engrossed with the world, and whose attention has never before been turned to the things that concern their peace, may be enabled to look to Christ, the only "Refuge in the day of affliction," and thus receive that comfort which they will see here so liberally dispensed from the Fountain of all goodness, and all love.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Extracts on Affliction	1
Mr. F. to Mrs. H——, on the Death of her husband	13
Rev. Dr. —— to Mrs. Melville	16
Rev. Thomas T. Biddulph, to the same	21
From the Rev. Dr. Trotter, of the Scots Church, to Mrs. Jones, Widow of the Rev. Thomas Jones, Chaplain of St. Saviour's, Southwark	27
Extract of a Letter	33
To Alexander Murray, Esq.	37
From the Rev. J. Berridge, to Mr. Edwards, of Ipswich, on the Death of his Wife	42
From the Rev. Robert Hall, of Leicester, to Mr. Harwood	45
From a Clergyman	52
Letter from a Lady	55

A Father's Letter when under the deepest affliction	60
A Letter from Mr. Balfour, one of the Ministers of Glasgow, whose only Son was drowned when visiting at the House of Mr. Dennison, with his Son, who escaped	65
Speech of the Rev. Mr. Samuel Dornforth, of Roxbury, New England, on occasion of the Death of three of his Children, the eldest of whom was remarkably pious and intelligent. — From Mather's History of New England, Book IV. . .	71
Extract of a Letter from a Clergyman on the Death of his Child	77
From a Son in dying Circumstances, to his Mother at the point of Death	80
From a Clergyman	82
From the same	92
Letter to a Lady	95
From a Clergyman	101
From the Rev. Thomas T. Biddulph to Miss C——, on the Death of her Mother .	105
Extract of a Letter from a Clergyman . .	108
From the Rev. —— to —— . . .	111

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE.
On the Death of a Sister	114
Letter to a Friend on the Death of his Minister	118
Letter from Surgeon M——, on board His Majesty's Ship ——, written previously to the Battle fought with the Algerines, under Lord Exmouth, in which he was killed	124
Some further Particulars concerning Mr. M——, extracted from a Letter written by one of his Companions	126
From the Rev. R. J. M.	129
Letter from the Rev. J. Hervey	134
Letter from the Rev. John Newton . . .	145
From the Rev. R. J. M.	151
Rev. Mr. Davidson to a Friend	154
Mr. D——, to his Brother	158
Rev. Mr. Bull's Letter to Mrs. Wilberforce, a short time before her Death	160
Mrs. Wilberforce's Remarks on the Receipt of Mr. Bull's Letter	165
Extract from Dr. Joseph Milner's Sermons on Resignation	166
Extract from Mrs. Trimmer's Diary on the sudden Death of a Child	175

	PAGE.
Copy of a Letter from the late Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Edinburgh, to Mr. B——, on the Death of Mrs. Stewart	181
Extract of a Letter to a Friend in the near Prospect of Death	183
Letter to a Friend on the Loss of her infant Daughter	186
From the Rev. R. J. M.	194
Extract of a Letter	205
Extract of a Letter	211
An Act of Resignation	214
A Prayer in Sickness	218
POETRY	221

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY,

&c.

THE path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller ever reached that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briers in his road.
The world may dance along the flowery plain,
Cheer'd as they go by many a sprightly strain,
Where Nature has her mossy velvet spread,
With unshod feet they yet securely tread,
Admonish'd, scorn the caution and the friend,
Bent upon pleasure, heedless of its end;
But He who knew what human hearts would prove,
How slow to learn the dictates of His love,
That hard by nature, and of stubborn will,
A life of ease would make them harder still;
In pity to the sinners He designed
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
Called for a cloud, to darken all their years,
And said,—“Go spend them in the vale of tears!”

B

WHILE we are in the world, we dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust. "Corruption is our father, and the worm our mother and sister;" and these unnatural parents will, ere long, devour their children. To how many diseases are our bodies subject; and when the tempest is over, how much time and pains doth it cost us to stop the leaks, and piece up the ruins of the poor weather-beaten vessel, all which is but rigging it out for a new storm. It is no small part of the happiness of departed saints, that they are absent from such a body as this, which yet they know shall be restored to them with great advantage at the resurrection; but infinitely more happy shall they be in their souls, when perfectly conformed to God's image, and satisfied with his likeness. Oh! for more faith and love, and then we would say, not as the disciples once did, "Let

us go and die with him," but, "Let us go and live, and be for ever with him;" and so we would, but "there is a lion in the way." Death is the unavoidable passage to the world of glory; and as we must travel through the wilderness by faith, so by faith must we pass over 'Jordan, and walk through the valley of the shadow of death. Blessed be God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!

"The Lord often uses chastisement to sanctify and purify his people, and to give them an increase in grace and holiness. There is no chastisement in heaven, nor in hell. Not in heaven, because there is no sin; nor in hell, because there is no amendment. Chastisement is a companion of them that are in the way, and of them only.

obtain his assistance to bear it with us, we shall find it daily grow lighter and lighter, and at length press upon us only like the burden of wings on a bird, enabling us to fly the swifter and the higher towards heaven.

In the upper world, of open vision, we shall have a distinct view of the hidden causes and secret springs of the dark and gloomy events of Providence we may now be exercised with; the sealed Book of Providence shall then be opened; and the dark texts of mysterious, intricate dispensations, cleared up by the light of glory, shining on the mind, and showing the beautiful connexion and lovely design running through the whole. Oh, to be helped to look and wait for the dawn of that day, when all shadows shall flee away!

In the mean time, may we never have cause to say, "This is a lost affliction!"

May we have the witness in ourselves, that all the ways of the Lord, even those which appear most severe, are to us mercy, and truth, and faithfulness!

At present, the way of Providence, in general, is dark and mysterious. There is a depth in it for which we have no line. There are many seals on it, not fit, as yet, to be opened. But when the Lamb, who is in the midst of the throne, shall open the seals, and show the meaning of all the dark passages in that mysterious book, and every one is made to view that part of it that related to the way in which he was brought through manifold tribulation to the kingdom; then will all strike up on the highest key, and sing, "He hath done all things well!"

Believers ought to comfort one another with these words: it is heartsome for travellers on the road, in a dark night,

and going to the same place, to speak to each other in the language of the country to which they are going, and to say, "What of the night? What of the night?" And to encourage one another, by often reiterating that animating reply, "The morning cometh."

The shadows of the evening are daily growing longer, with all the travellers to the heavenly Sion. But at evening time it shall be light. The bright shining of the Sun of Righteousness will make even the passage through the dark valley of the shadow of death, lightsome and pleasant. Faith can see eternal day at the further end of it. Jesus went through the Jordan of death, when it overflowed all its banks, and was brimful of the curse. But his death drank up the curse, and left nothing but a blessing to all his redeemed. And his sweet and cheering voice is still to be heard in the passage; "Fear not,

I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and of death."

"I have now been laying the delight of my eyes in the dust, and it is for ever hid from them: we had a suitable sermon from those words: 'Dost thou well to be angry for the gourd?' God knows I am not angry; but sorrowful he surely allows me to be. Blessed Lord, I trust thou hast received my child, and pardoned the infirmities of her short, childish, afflicted life. I loved those who were kind to her, and those who wept with me for her. Shall I not much more love Thee, who art at this moment taking care of her, and opening her infant faculties for the business and blessedness of Heaven? Lord, I would consider myself as

well." Nay, sometimes that part of the song of heaven is anticipated, and we are made to sing it even in our way to the kingdom.

*Mr. F. to Mrs. H——, on the Death of
her Husband.*

MY DEAR FRIEND;

I received your affecting letter last night, and what can I say, but what you have said already;—"It is the Lord." What can I recommend but a perseverance in the course in which I am persuaded you at present walk; "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you?"

I have often, in the midst of my importunity in times of trial, felt a degree of self reproach on account of my indisposedness to pray, while things have

C

gone on easy and successful. And indeed, I should be ashamed, and almost afraid to go to God in my affliction, on this account, but that he has fully obviated this very objection, saying, "Call upon me in the time of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

It is a saying that frequently occurs in the Old Testament, "And thou shalt know that I am the Lord." I remember these words struck me very forcibly, under an affliction that threatened to bereave me of my eldest son, at a time when I considered him unprepared.

And do not I know already, thought I, that God is God? It should seem not. My knowledge of things at present is little other than speculation; and God sees it needful that it should become experimental. I have known, in general, that God has an absolute right over me and mine, but I have trembled to come

to particulars. He seems, however, as if he were determined to bring me to this, or to exercise his sovereignty over me, in something more than a general way.

I have acknowledged him infinitely wise ; but, perhaps, I have not sufficiently felt my own ignorance and folly, and so confided all my affairs to his disposal. I have thought I knew his power and goodness ; but, perhaps, I am yet to learn them ; if not, whence these distressing and distrusting apprehensions ? Ah, me ! the pillars of my earthly comforts must be shaken, and perhaps removed, that I may feel my dependance upon the Rock that supports them !

I am, my dear friend,

Affectionately your's,

A. F.

Rev. Dr. ———, to Mrs. Melville.

Dr. ——— ventures in this way, unnoticed, and uninvited, to mingle his tears with dear Mrs. Melville, and her weeping little ones around, and to say, May that gracious *Holy One* who hath wounded, and who alone can heal, very eminently manifest his presence in the midst of them, and now fully prove that *He* is, and will be the *Saviour*. Oh! that you may hear his voice amidst the bereaving providence which *He* himself hath appointed, speaking to your inmost affection, in a language similar to that which he once used to his disciples, "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Will my Lord commission me to say a word to his mourners, which He will bless to their consolation? Then would

it be to tell dear Mrs. Melville, that, painful as the trial is, had we as much wisdom and as much love as our Lord hath, who appointed it, the very dispensation we now deplore, we ourselves would rejoice in.

The Saviour cannot mistake, he cannot err, neither can he cease to love, for then he would be no longer the Saviour.

Believe me, my dear Madam, my heart is wounded in the moment I write, and if *my* feelings are so much alive, what must your's be? Still, my dear friend, the deeper the wound, the richer the balsam required; the heavier the pressure, the greater the need of some mighty stay to bear up against it. And whom can I propose for either, excepting the Saviour? Yea, *your* Lord, and *his* Lord, whose remains *you* are weeping over, whom he is gone to see, and is now rejoicing with for having called him home, and fully

and for ever confirmed that promise ;—
“ Where I am, there shall my servants
be.”

Figure to yourself the dear departed saint, looking down from the mansions of bliss, and beholding those he hath left behind, once so near and dear to him, now bathed in tears, while his happy spirit is in the fulness of joy, would he not say to you, as Jesus, his Lord, once said to his disciples, “ If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I go to my Father ?”

What could we propose for him of happiness here below, whose poor diseased and dying frame you so lately saw oppressed with all that burden of sleepless nights, and sickly, sorrowful days, which he then waded through, and is now happily relieved from.

On *his* account, surely, not a single tear can fall. And why should selfish-

ness induce sorrow for our own? The church hath sustained a loss, it might be said. No, not so; for the church above, and the church below, is but one; and what hath the Lord done in removing our dear departed friend, but only taken him from the outer court, to bring him into his inner temple? He hath housed his precious soul safely in the paradise of God. Now, no hissing serpent shall any more destroy his comfort; Jesus called him to himself in words like those of his to his spouse, so that he is gone "beyond the lions' den, and the mountains of the leopards," he is gone to be for ever with the Lord. Hail! blessed spirit, would I say, (would it be permitted, or were it suitable and proper to congratulate him,) "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

For ourselves, for you more especially, to whom this bereavement of the Lord's

is particularly directed, I will not say that you have one attraction more to draw you heaven-ward ; for none but Jesus can be the proper object of desire there ; but, I will say, you have one less to make the world desirable, than you had before. May a gracious God, in Christ, who hath loosened this cord below, raise your affections to the Lord Jesus above, “that when Christ your life shall appear,” *you* also, my dear friend, with your departed husband, just gone, “may appear with him in glory.”

Farewell, my dear Mrs. M. let this afflicting dispensation call our spirits more frequently to the Throne of Grace. I have been supplicating the Almighty King, as well on your account as on my own, since I heard of the event. Jesus is a prayer-hearing God, and he is looking on. It was a sweet prayer of poor Hagar, in her distress ;—“Thou, God,

seest me, (for she said,) Have I also here looked after him that seeth and is looking after me?" I cannot ask a greater blessing for you and your's, and myself also, than, that leaving all creature comforts, we may be resting wholly upon Creator-fullness, and centre every hope and every joy where Jehovah centres all his glory, and that is, in the Lord Jesus Christ. To him I commit you. With Him I leave you, and remain your's in Him.

The Rev. Thomas T. Biddulph, to the same.

Bristol, November 8, 1811.

MY DEAR MADAM;

Though I am not conscious of having any thing to offer for the consolation

of your deeply-wounded mind, with which you are not already acquainted; yet I cannot refrain from embracing the opportunity which presents itself of sending you a line.

If it serve only to assure you how much Mrs. Biddulph and myself sympathize with you, even the sympathy of friends, though it can afford no effectual relief, is soothing to the soul; and while we recollect that our adorable Lord, in his agony, condescended to accept of creature comfort; even this is not to be despised. On Saturday, the painful intelligence from Pendennis reached me in a note from Mr. L. And as the dear Governor was partially known and loved in my parish, I endeavoured to improve the afflictive information on Sunday evening, from the pulpit. Yesterday I received some further information from our friends at Clifton. My dear friend,

what shall I say to you? I have never sustained such a loss as your's, and therefore am disqualified to write about it. I have known affliction, it is true; but it has not been like your's. I have lost children, and so have you; but you have lost a husband also, and that husband a phoenix, endeared to you by twenty-five years spent in the tenderest intercourse. Shall I, then, endeavour to depreciate your loss? I cannot. There is but one topic I can suggest for consolation: God! God all sufficient! Cast thy burden on Jehovah, and he shall sustain thee. He himself, omnipotence, omniscience, infinite love, are all to be considered as connected with the painful dispensation into which you are brought. It has proceeded from the same motive which induced the Saviour to come into the world, and to offer himself up a Sacrifice on the Cross. It is a necessary

link in the chain, the last link of which is to procure glory to God in the highest. Should you be ready to say, "My burden is heavy, too heavy for me to bear." Remember, my dear Madam, that that if omnipotence be pledged to support you and your burden, it matters not how heavy your burden be. The weight of a feather, without his aid, may be too much for a naturally gigantic mind; with his aid, the feeblest saint, the merest child, may bear up under a mill-stone. "Without me ye can do nothing; I can do all things, (and it may be added, suffer all things,) through Christ who strengtheneth me." Should you say, "I am unfit for the cares which are now necessarily devolved upon me; I want wisdom and strength for such and such duties; I have been so long accustomed to lean, that I am disqualified to walk alone." Let the declaration made to Abraham recur to

your mind. "I am God Almighty," or rather, "God All Sufficient." The broken reed has failed, but the Rock of true support remains, and his strength is made perfect in weakness. The weakness of the creature affords the opportunity for displaying the power and grace of the *All-Sufficient*.

But, "the separation is most agonizing." It is. But in God you may still meet and enjoy communion. Still one in him. Your beloved husband is in the upper part of the presence chamber. You are for a while in the lower. But the distance is imaginary. You are both still looking at one and the same object; you by faith, he in open vision. Christ is the uniting point. And even the difference in the manner of deriving happiness from the well-spring of life, will be of short duration. You are on the threshold of glory, as a believer in Jesus; whereas

your beloved has stepped over it. All that is between you is the narrow threshold of a few years or days. The partition is thin,—so thin, that the sound of your beloved's voice may, by faith, be heard, and you join in his notes of praise. His notes and your's harmonize, and Jesus is the object of celebration of both.

Pardon, my dear Madam, this hasty scrawl. May He who is "the friend born for adversity" be near and comfort you! May his presence be your stay!

Believe me, with most affectionate sympathy, in which Mrs. Biddulph unites,

Your faithful friend and servant,

THOMAS T. BIDDULPH.

From the Rev. Dr. Trotter, of the Scots Church, to Mrs. Jones, Widow of the Rev. Thomas Jones, Chaplain of St. Saviour's, Southwark.

DEAR MADAM ;

Amidst a crowd of christian mourners, who are ministering (as far as they can) to your consolation in your present great affliction, I persuade myself you will reckon it no intrusion to receive a letter from your Scots friend on the same melancholy subject. Last night brought me the moving tidings of dear Mr. Jones's death. I cannot easily express how much it has afflicted me, and has rendered my delicate frame almost incapable of the necessary supports of food and sleep The dear idea of the amiable man, in all the lively portraits of the Christian,—the unspeakable loss you

have sustained, the pitiable case of the poor parish of St. Saviour's, and what the church universal is likely to suffer by the extinction of this burning and shining light,—crowd into my mind whether I will or not, and bring up the involuntary sigh. Our acquaintance was indeed short; but on my side I must own, christian friendship made considerable advances. I was highly delighted to see so much of the spirit of Jesus in some of my brethren when I was in London; but in your glorified husband, I saw so much humility, so much meekness and love, such experimental knowledge of the divine truth upon his own soul, (not to name his ministerial gifts,) as endeared him to me above them all.

Oh, how mysterious are the ways of God in such dispensations of Providence! (Such a cumberer of the ground as I am,

left, while the active and useful servant of Christ is taken away.) Did I not know that it has always been the way of our God, first to create a chaos, and then to form a world, my unbelieving heart would have now been ready to say as Jacob, "All these things are against me." But the thought of this checks my desponding doubts, and in the exercise of faith upon the word of Him who cannot lie, I am made to rejoice that "the Lord sitteth upon the floods." This, I hope, dear Madam, is ground of no small comfort to you. The disease which proved mortal to your best earthly friend, was no random shot; it was levelled by no unerring hand, but by the hand of Him whose providences to his church and people are all in faithfulness and love. Methinks I hear you reply, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good; the Lord gave, and the Lord

hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "The cup which my father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" And good cause have you thus to speak. 'Tis true you have parted with the best of husbands; but thy Maker, who is thy husband by a stronger tie, is still with you, and he will not fail nor forsake you.

You have lost a most valuable companion; but the cheering presence of the Beloved, of Souls shall not depart from you. It is a long adieu that you have bid to the tender partner of all your joys and sorrows; but you have an interest in Him, whose favour is better than life itself, and who does not only say, he will share with his people in their griefs, but that he will bear them and their burdens too. You are deprived of him through whose means you received your worldly support; but the infallible promise nevertheless remains, "Thy

bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure." An all-sufficient God hath written mortality on one dear comfort; but he hath not yet written an "Ichabod" upon the many he hath continued with you. A thick veil is drawn over your terrestrial felicity; but a bright and glorious heaven awaits you beyond the grave: 'tis there you and your lovely partner shall meet, never to be parted more,—and without interruption, without imperfection: with the lips that mortality shall no more shut, you shall sing in concert with the countless tribes of the ransomed of the Lord, whose robes are also washed, and made white in the blood of the Lamb, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us priests unto God, and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Shall I beg, dear Madam, the favour of a few lines from your own hand? It will be an ease to my mind under my present trial in the death of my reverend and worthy brother, to know you are well, and enabled to bear the stroke, not with a sullen, but a cheerful resignation to the will of God. I trust you have no difficulty in believing all is well, and that all shall be well. It must be so,—Jehovah reigns! My wife takes part with me in your affliction, and joins in tendering our most cordial respects; and

I am, dear Madam,

Your affectionate friend,

And most humble servant,

JOHN TROTTER.

Extract of a Letter.

Your husband was one of the main instruments of conveying every spiritual and temporal blessing I enjoy; and, oh, that my sinful heart could as readily say, "Bless the Lord, who hath taken away!" I ought to rejoice in the persuasion of the victory the departed has gained, through Jesus Christ, over the grave, and of his being united with the church triumphant above, &c. Remember, He who said, "Weep not!" wept at the tomb of a beloved friend,—yet not immoderately; he manifested no impatience,—it was a silent, rectified, well-regulated effusion of affliction. May the balm of heaven be poured into your wounded mind. Afflictions evince the love of God, and his solicitude for our salvation; since, when sanctified, they

are salutary in their application, gracious in their effects, and glorious in the end. The Lord is still nigh to heal the broken hearted: He is at hand to relieve, by his counsel and comfort, the widow and fatherless. I have a good hope, that you will be enabled to imitate the patience of the saints on trying occasions. One "held his peace,"—another said, "It is well,"—another declared, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good!"—another was "dumb," because the Lord did it.

May we henceforth cease from improperly estimating any created good; for there is nothing in created comfort that can meet the wants of immortal souls.

H.

Could I, by any means, convey the healing balm into your wounded spirit,

what satisfaction would it give me, to find the chief end of my writing to you thus accomplished. I, however, am too weak, too unworthy an instrument to hope to be employed in so good a work; but the great, the good Physician to whom it belongs, by office, to "comfort them that mourn, and bind up the broken hearted," He hath prepared most excellent and sovereign cordials for you; yet, like a wayward and feverish patient, you turn away your head from the cup of consolation. You again say, "You honestly acknowledge you don't wish for comfort." What then, my dear Madam, shall I say to you? What subject will be most congenial to your present state of mind? One just now occurs to me,—a weeping prophet will, perhaps, be a more agreeable companion than one who is anxious to wipe away the falling tear from your eyes: allow

me then to beg you would take up the Bible just now, and read attentively the third chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah.—I suppose you have now got to the end of the 20th verse, and are mingling your tears with the Prophet's, saying, Ah! how descriptive of my situation; yes, "I am the one that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath, he hath made me desolate." Well, my dear Madam, are not you willing to read on? Attend then to what follows, and, oh, that you may be enabled to make this as much your own as the former part of the chapter, especially the 24th verse! Surely no soul that can say, "The Lord is my portion," can ever have any cause to sorrow as those who have no hope. God is that, and infinitely more to his people than the best of earthly husbands, parents, or children was, or ever could be. Do you, my

dear Madam, believe this? If you do, oh, trust in God! If not, assuredly, you have still greater cause for grief and mourning than any you have yet experienced.

To Alexander Murray, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR;

The post of this day conveyed to me your melancholy and pleasing letter; melancholy, as it brought the account of a loss which must and ought to be severely felt; but pleasing, as it represents the state of your own soul to be such as must infallibly turn every loss into gain. Faith working by love is the true philosopher's stone, which turns

E

every thing into gold; as the gift and operation of God, it is itself pure sterling gold, the value and virtue of which are known when it is tried in the fire.

It is then found to be much more precious than gold, which perisheth; and it will be brought out, to the praise and honour and glory of him that gave it, at the appearing of its Author and Finisher, Jesus Christ. This world is a world of trial to all; one Lord presides in it, who knoweth how to reserve the unjust to the day of judgment, to be punished; and deliver the godly out of temptations, to be glorified for evermore. How different are their characters, pursuits, and ends! How happy, my dear Sir, are you, whom God hath taught the truth which is after godliness! the truth as it is in Jesus, which makes us free from sin and death. This is the great antidote to the poison of him who was

a liar and a murderer from the beginning. As a lie separated us from God, so its opposite, the truth, brings us to him. The faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, is, "That Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;" and they who can trust God for this, may trust him for all things,—they may trust him for love unchangeable and everlasting; and that love is the secret spring of all his dispensations towards them; nay, it is not always the secret spring; for his presence with them in trouble often lays it open to their view. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and when thou goest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." When the three captive Jews were cast bound into the burning fiery furnace, what a sight presented itself to the tyrant who had put them there!

“Lo! I see four men walking loose in the midst of the fire, and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God! The consequence was, that when they came out, not a hair of their head was singed, nor had the smell of fire passed upon them.”

The same Son of God has promised to you, and them, “Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.” He hath nowhere said, in the world ye shall not have tribulation; but he hath said directly the contrary; and “His name is Immanuel, God with us” in all. He hath engaged as a refiner’s fire, to purge away all our dross, and to take away all our sin, and to give us his own righteousness, salvation, nature, &c. upon which the smell of fire cannot pass, nor any change, or losses, or crosses, make the least alteration.

Nay, in all these things we are more

than conquerors, through him that loved us; and I am persuaded, that neither height nor depth, nor life nor death, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord. Romans, viii. 38, 39.

Here are the wells of salvation, and with such sources open to us, with faith to have constant recourse to them, we need not doubt but that where our tribulations abound, our consolations shall abound also, and that, infinitely more, and infinitely more.

W. B. CADOGAN.

From the Rev. J. Berridge, to Mr. Edwards, of Ipswich, on the Death of his Wife.

DEAR BROTHER ;

Mr. Winter informs me of the loss of your dear wife. You once knew she was mortal ; but she has put off mortality, and is become immortal. Should this cause you to grieve immoderately ? Oh, that I was where she is now !

“Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.”

She was once a mourning sinner in the wilderness ; but is now a glorified saint in Zion. The Lord has become her everlasting light, and the days of her mourning are ended. Does this overwhelm you ? She was once afflicted with bodily pains and weakness, encompassed with

family cares, and harassed with a crowd of anxious needless fears; but she is now arrived at her Father's house, and Jesus, dear Jesus, has wiped away all tears from her eyes, and freed her in a moment from pain, and care, and fear, and want; and shall this make you sorrow as those that have no hope?

“She ranges now the heavenly plains,
And sings in sweet heart-melting strains;
And now her soul begins to prove
The heights and depths of Jesu's love:
He cheers with an eternal smile,
She sings hosanna all the while,
O'erwhelm'd with rapture sweet,—
Sinks down adoring at his feet.”

You have not left your wife; she has only left you for a moment,—left an earthly husband, to visit a heavenly Father, and expects your arrival there soon, to join her hallelujahs for redeeming

love. Are you still weeping?—weeping, because your wife can weep no more,—weeping, because she is happy,—eternally, gloriously happy; weeping, because she is joined to the glorious assembly where all are kings and priests,—weeping, because she is daily feasted with heavenly manna, and is hourly drinking new wine in her Father's kingdom,—weeping, because *she is* where *you would be*, and long to be eternally,—weeping, because she is singing, and singing sweeter anthems to her God and your God. Jesus has fetched his bride triumphant home to his kingdom, to draw your soul more ardently thither; he has broken up a cistern, to bring you nearer, and keep you closer to his fountain,—has caused a moment's separation, to divorce your affection from the creature, and has torn a wedding ring from your heart, to set it bleeding more freely, and

panting more vehemently for God. Hereafter you will see how gracious the Lord has been in calling a beloved wife home, to betroth the husband more effectually to himself. Remember that the house of mourning becomes and befriends a sinner, and that *sorrow is a safe companion for a pilgrim, who walks much astray, till his heart is well broken.* May all your tears flow from a right channel, and every sigh waft your heart to Jesus. May the God of all consolation comfort you in life, and in death, afford us both a triumphant entrance into his kingdom.

J. B.

*From the Rev. Robert Hall, of Leicester,
to Mr. Harwood.*

MY DEAR FRIEND ;

I cannot express the emotions of soul
I felt on receiving from your valuable

son an account of the death of his dear Mamma. I often realize in my mind, and think I see you in various postures, and with indications of heartfelt sorrow, and pungent perplexity.

Oh ! the piercing pangs of grief, attending such a separation ! They cannot be expressed, nor *pictured* but in idea. I *have* felt, I daily feel for you, and your dear children ; your and their loss is great indeed.—More —— but stop, my friend,—the sluices of sorrow ought not to be kept open, but the torrent of grief abated, lest it swell beyond the bounds of christian moderation, and overwhelm the soul.

How favourable to mourners is the blessed Gospel ! Gaze not, therefore, on the dark side of the cloud ; the dark and sable dispensation is tinged with radiant beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and portends a glorious coming

day. Could you hear this dear departed spirit, her language would be, 'Refrain from tears, I am well, weep not for me.'

Consider, my dear friend, he who gave her, reserved a superior right to her: this she sweetly acquiesced in; and though she gave herself to *you* for a time, yea, till time with her should be no more, she gave herself to the Lord in everlasting covenant, never to be forgotten. The Lord, her first, her best husband, was not willing to bear her absence any longer, and, therefore, sent his chariot to convey her home, saying, "Arise, my fair one, and come away."

My friend, you will likewise consider, that you and she are not far separated; for, although all communication be now broken off, you are yet, and will for ever continue in the same house, even the house of mercy, that divine, capa-

cious, and beautiful structure, which Jehovah hath said "shall be built up for ever." In that house are many mansions; we are in the lower apartments, while she is admitted to the large upper room, where Jesus keeps the feast with his disciples; and by and by, I hope the Lord will give us a gracious beckon, and say, "Come up hither."

You know, Sir, it is an evil time, a gloomy prospect attends the land; her righteous soul may in mercy be taken from the evil to come. However, 'tis in the Lord's hands, who says, "Be still, and know that I am God!" Difficulties and increasing cares, 'tis true, devolve upon you; but know that the Lord is all-sufficient. It makes not much difference whether burdens be lessened or increased, if strength be in exact proportion; and he who cannot lie, hath said, "My strength is made perfect in

weakness," and "as thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

Creatures like candles are very useful, and always most prized when the sun is absent; but if he arise, we can then do without them. May the Lord arise and shine, and his glory light upon you and yours. As death does not separate from the Lord, neither does it divide the saints from one another. Your spirit and her's daily meet at the same throne,—she to praise, you to pray; therefore, in that sense, though you be absent in body, you are present in spirit, and after awhile you will meet in person, to part no more; for "those that sleep in Jesus, will the Lord bring with him." In the mean time, we are called to walk by faith, and not by sight; and he in whom we may safely confide, hath declared, "All things work together for good." It was a reconciling thought to me in

great trouble, that afflictions are compared in Scripture to workmen, all employed and busy in the Christian's behalf. They work for you,—it might have been against you, as it frequently is found. They work together, not separately, but in happy harmony. I then thought, the more the better, if God direct and point out their employment, for the end to be accomplished, is a “far more exceeding and an eternal weight of glory.” As persons take pleasure in reviewing the industrious workman, so the Christian, with Paul, may rejoice not only in the Lord, but in his tribulation also. “I take pleasure in afflictions,” &c.

If God send a great affliction, (thought I,) we may then consider it a fresh workman, engaged in our favour; and not only so, but look upon it as one, who, in consequence of singular strength, will dispatch business (though of a heavy

nature) at a greater pace. Thus, those for whom they are employed, will grow rich at last.

Among others, let patience have its perfect work; she is a pensive, but a precious grace; have likewise labours abundant in the Lord. Desire goes in search after celestial productions. Hope stands on tip-toe to view them, and Faith goes to receive them, and bring them home. Thus the just shall live by his faith; for what Faith brings, Love cordially receives, and volition bids it welcome. Joy sings, and makes sweet melody, Peace possesseth, Rest receives, and Fear causeth to quake, and Jealousy to tremble.

How well it is for the soul when *Tribulation* worketh for her, and when every grace is active in her! Angels encamp about her, and God rejoiceth in her to do her good.

I would not be tedious,—excuse my prolixity. I remain your affectionate and sympathizing friend, and, I hope, brother in the kingdom and patience of Christ Jesus.

ROBERT HALL.

From a Clergyman.

MY DEAR FRIEND;

It was the invisible hand of my Father in heaven, that directed the hand of my friend on earth, to write to me at the time you did. Yes; your kind sympathy, your consolations, drawn from the Fountain of Truth, and poured into my bleeding heart, soothed my sorrow, and filled me with comfort. It was not I that was

sick, it was my beloved partner and companion; and, ah, she was sick unto death! That dear friend is torn from my side; that truly humble Christian; meek, mild, unostentatious; that truly faithful servant of the Lord; the most affectionate of wives, the tenderest of parents, the most sincere of friends: after fighting a good fight, finished her course on Saturday last. Dear departed saint! She has taken the wings of a dove, she has "fled away," and she "is at rest." She is not lost, but gone before.—Oh, comfortable truth, my darling "is not dead, but sleepeth." What a comfort would it be to me to have an hour's conversation with you;—to open my whole heart to you;—to show you how I am *grieved*, and how I am *supported*! Yes, I am grieved and comforted; I am full of earthly sorrow, and heavenly joy. Blessed salutary mixture! It is the sort of medicine the Physician

of souls saw necessary for me. He has long given me *sweets*, why should he not also give me *bitters*?—Bitters are bracers, and those he has mercifully mixed in my cup. I trust I shall never complain;—I know “it is in very faithfulness he has caused me to be troubled:”—“Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?” I know “it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good.” Better, my dear friend, to be afflicted, than left at ease. I thank my God, I am not left in the awful predicament of Moab; “Moab hath been left at ease; he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel; therefore his scent is not changed.” This is a dangerous state, but a merciful God hath taken me out of it. He hath blown with his north wind to disturb the dangerous calm; and He blows with his south wind, to dispel all fears of a storm.

He has thrown me into the burning fiery furnace of affliction, but with the eye of faith, I see one, whose form is not only like, but is really and absolutely the Son of God, walking with me. Ah! How necessary is that furnace! It is necessary, at least for me, to purge and burn away the dross I have brought with me *into*, and the dross I have contracted by mixing *with* a sinful world.

C. S.

Letter from a Lady.

How can I have been so long silent to my ever dearest sister, who has of late doubled every obligation I before owed her, and made me a seven-fold debtor to her and my loved brother. Let poignant

anguish, which creates disorder both in body and mind, plead my excuse, and there can be no doubt but it will to you, my dear, who, beside your own suffering, on the late trying occasion, have taken upon you mine with the tenderest sympathy. Thank God, I feel better in health; and my mind has received, through mercy, so much of the divine teaching, as to change its naturally rebellious state into a submission which produces composure, and a desire to say, at all times, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." I have indeed lost a jewel out of my casket, of no common water or value; but my best comfort is, that it will be found when the Lord maketh up his number, and I shall then behold it in a resplendency, which the frailty and infirmity of human nature dimmed and darkened. When we are made like unto Him, who hath loved

and given himself for us, we shall be experimentally acquainted with the bliss of the dear object we now lament; but, till then, our conceptions fall far below it, and therefore we go on sighing and weeping, selfishly regarding the sad vacancies we find at every step. Even my Bible reminds me of my loss:—How often have we talked over the sacred page, and I paused in reading it, to hear the wisdom which he had so rapidly extracted from it, and to be taught by Him! The pleasure I had in perusing human writers, was often derived from the idea of being able to talk with my loved B—upon them, and to learn what he thought, and in what estimation he held them. His *image* I find evere where, but his *place* is no where to be found, but by the eye of faith. No longer earthly like us, we must deal with him as with all other spiritual things, — exercise our intellec-

tual powers when we would get a sight of him; — and these (highly to be esteemed as they are) grow faint and dim from the hindrance of flesh and blood, and afford but faint glimpses of beatified spirits. Yet a little while, and the veil shall be removed; He that shall come, will come, and take home his family, not in the order which human judgment would prescribe, (as I painfully feel and wonder at,) but as seemeth best to Him whose ways are not as our ways, because He is infinite in wisdom, and there is a sacred, though mysterious arrangement, in the whole of his providence, which our comparatively unhallowed discernment cannot discover. Let me, then, without inquiry, and without distrust, lie prostrate before him, and martyred, as some of my fondest expectations are, say, Lord, thou art righteous in all thy ways, and just in all thy judgments. I have

felt much for you to-day, my dear friends, in your return to ———, but I trust you find the God of all comfort dispersing the gloomy line which death has inscribed upon your habitation, and that you can legibly read, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," for your best consolation. Thank God, I feel better since my return from ———, having been carried through some of that bitterness of sorrow, which the meeting with such near and dear relatives occasions after such a trial.

Mr. F—— called here last evening; his conversation was truly christian; he spoke to the dear young people upon the use they ought to make of this trying dispensation. He told them, it had this language; "Acquaint thyself *now* with God, and be at peace;" and if this was done, the uncertainty of life was no evil. Farewell, my dearest sister! M. B.

A Father's Letter, when under the deepest affliction.

MADAM;

I thank you very sincerely for your truly christian letter. Would that I could realize the truths I admit! but my heart is broken. This blow from the hand of the Lord has laid me prostrate. I can scarce look up. It is not the loss of one of the finest lads that ever lived; it is not the dreadful circumstances that accompanied his death, that has so broken me down. It is a deep sense of sin that distresses me, and that has thus drawn a good and gracious God "out of his place" to execute "his strange work." I do not inquire with Job,—Wherefore contendest thou with me?" for he was a perfect man; no! I would rather say, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, for

I have sinned, and it is of his mercies that I am not consumed."

We know not the intention in the privation; it may be in tender mercy. But it is most probable, and it may be most profitable to view it in the light of just judgment. Like every other blessing, I did not properly value it. I did not rightly improve it. Oh! every angry thought, every hasty expression, every impatient feeling towards my poor boy, now fills me with condemnation and sorrow. I feel that no time on earth can do away the distressing remembrance of his end; but let me be understood, I do not complain of God, why should I? for the punishment of my sins. The Lord knoweth that not a sigh has escaped my heart, nor a murmur my lips; nor has a hard thought been entertained for a moment towards him, dreadful as this trial has

been. It is the Lord! I would be not only silent, but acquiesce. It was my first thought when on my knees in the street, at midnight (just as I left my bed) with my poor bleeding boy in my arms, (who flew from a window in the impetus of brain fever,) Lord! this is dreadful,—but thou art just. Oh! Madam! what a tale of woe! Fearfulness and trembling have come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me. But, surrounded as I have been by terror, misery, and death, my belief in the gracious character of God is unaltered; it is unshaken; it is rooted; yea, where He to slay me, to consign me where I deserve to be,—the lowest place in hell; there I would acknowledge his goodness, mercy, and justice, and bless his holy name. But blessed, for ever blessed be his name! I am not cut off; and though cast down, I am not destroyed.

I would draw consolation from the event itself. No mercy of God ever drew me so near him as this judgment has driven me. It seems to be just the very one I needed; and was, peradventure, sent to perfect that which concerneth me. It has, indeed, broken my heart, and subdued my spirit; but I do, indeed, feel more solicitous to retain its salutary effects, than that the bitterness of the cup should pass away. I feel I shall go mourning all my days; but I would not exchange that feeling for all the joys of the world. Sometimes I am almost ready to despair. But the *word of God*,—and that is very faithfulness itself, always cheers me. And this passage has been of unspeakable comfort to me,—“As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten.” Had not the Lord cared for me, he would have let me alone. How great the blessing,—how unutterable the

mercy, is the hope that, though visited with stripes, I may be included in the Apostle's "*nevertheless.*"

I cannot conclude without telling you how the Lord mingled mercy with judgment. He sent the oil and wine of consolation, which flowed in upon us from all quarters; but for this, one grave might have sufficed us all. The whole town seemed to be raised to weep with us. The tender affection of our dear relatives; the sympathy of the world; the love and prayers of our dear ministers and christian friends; and, above all, the support of our God and Saviour, held us up.

I do entreat you remember me at the Throne of Grace; next to the intercession of my Saviour, I value the prayers of his saints.

I should tell you of another blessing; but, indeed, there was no summing them

up; my health has been remarkably spared, though for three months my eyes were held waking; and I am delivered from that dreadful thrilling of the blood which seemed to come from the heart, and rush through every hair of my head.

Your's, gratefully,

A Letter from Mr. Balfour, one of the Ministers of Glasgow, whose only Son was drowned when visiting at the House of Mr. Dennison, with his Son, who escaped.

August, 1766.

SIR;

I beg you will let me know particularly how you and Mrs. Dennison are. I can say with truth, that from the

moment of receiving the severe shock, an anxiety about you all hath mixed itself with almost all tears and prayers on my account. I once thought of making personal inquiry for your family this morning, but have delayed it till to-morrow morning, that I might, by these few lines, prepare you and myself for the interview. If my intended visit is on any account, or in any way disagreeable, fully tell me, for nothing is more remote from my mind, than giving the least pain to any one of you. So far am I from looking with an evil eye at —— as the cause of my distress; the loss of my dear boy appears to be attended with many alleviating circumstances, which probably could not have been the case any where else. The *time*, the divinely appointed time was come for his removal from the tender embraces of a fond parent. And since this was

the divine will, I dare not say unkind, or unjust, of his and my Father in heaven.—I adore and bless his name for enabling me to acquiesce with perfect satisfaction in his sovereign will. I knew this high and unsearchable will of God took effect amidst all that immediate attention which a parent's eye, a parent's hand, a parent's breast could have thought of for his safety; instead, therefore, of one reflection, I now must sincerely give, and if able, will in person give, with my whole heart, the most grateful acknowledgments to you, and all about your house, for flying to the instant relief of my perishing child;—that Lady first. And, The good God who frustrated all these kind and friendly endeavours, which I shall never forget, has taught me, and will teach you, “he does all things well, according to the counsel of his own will.” I greatly

feel for the deep distress it has brought upon you, and worthy Mrs. Dennison, and because you participate so much in my sorrow. I wish now, my dear Captain, to set before you some of the consolations which have relieved my otherwise sorrowful spirits; the God who hath visited me with this sore calamity, has, I assure you, been to me a "God of all comfort." "When afflictions abound, his consolations are made much more to abound; he hath comforted me by fixing my attention on his divine perfections, his glorious, gracious character, design, and relations; I see there can be no error nor rashness in any part of infinite wisdom; nor cruelty nor unkindness in the intention of *Him*, who is righteous, and good, and merciful. I desire to kiss the Sovereign Rod, and him who hath appointed it, in remembering his exhortation not to des-

pise the chastening of the Lord, nor faint, when rebuked of him.

I hope that you and Mrs. Dennison will not be afraid to meet me; I shall endeavour to comfort you with the consolations which are in Jesus Christ; they are strong, everlasting; and when the streams of worldly comforts are dried up, whither should we go but to the comforts of divine love and faith? This is a fountain which pours forth its gracious influence, adapted to all our situations. This dispensation is to teach us the vanity of this life, and the temporary nature of all earthly joy; the all-sufficient God is our only portion. What is this world, with all its riches, honours, pleasures, and connections, without God for ever? What can we want that is good for us? "Though our house be not so with God, he hath made with us an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure."

We may well add, "This is all our salvation and all our desire," and with the prophet Habakkuk, — "Although the fig-tree should not blossom, yet we will rejoice in the God of our salvation." Oh, how divine is that religion that presents such truths to the mind; how solacing are its comforts! Let us look forward to the bright morning of the resurrection, which will turn all our sorrow into joy; then shall our companions in the faith and patience of Jesus Christ appear with him in glory. How wondrously changed their forms! No more corruption, no more tendency to disease or death, no possibility of any future separation; shining forth in all the perfection of unfading beauty, spotless purity, and immortal honour. The unfolded mystery of redemption and the glory of their Saviour will open, and show them such resplendent surveys of grace and greatness, as shall

more than satisfy them with regard to past events; the most overwhelming and confounding, will fill them with eternal admiration. I trust you will not be offended at the freedom and earnestness with which a friend, *more than ever* concerned for your best interests, has written.

Be assured, I sincerely wish for you, health, prosperity, and every good thing.

Speech of the Rev. Mr. Samuel Dornforth, of Roxbury, New England, on occasion of the Death of three of his Children, the eldest of whom was remarkably pious and intelligent.—From Mather's History of New England, Book IV.

If any that see my grief should say unto me, as the Danites unto Micah,

What aileth thee? I thank God I cannot answer as he did, "They have taken away my gods." My heart was indeed somewhat set upon my children, especially the eldest, but they were none of my gods, none of my portion; —my portion is whole and untouched unto this day. To understand myself, and to communicate unto my hearers, the spiritual meaning and compass of the law and rule and the nature of gospel obedience hath been my design and work, upon which I have employed much reading and study; and what faith, hope, love, patience, &c., the glorious wisdom, power, and mercy, of God, do oblige us to render, I have endeavoured to set forth before you. What, if God will now try whether they were mere notions and speculations that I spoke, or whether I believed as I spoke, and whether there be any divine spark in my heart? I.

remember him that said to Abraham, *Hereby I know that thou fearest me, in that thou hast not withheld from me thy son, thine only son.* It is the pleasure of God, that (besides all that may be gained by reading, and studying, and preaching) I should learn and teach obedience by the things that I suffer;—the holy fire is not to be fetched for you, out of such a flint as I am, without smiting. Not long before these strokes lit upon us, it pleased God marvellously to quicken our hearts, (both mine and my wife's,) and to stir up in us most earnest desires after himself;—and, now he hath taken our children, will he accept us unto freer and fuller communion with himself, blessed be his holy name! I trust the Lord hath done, what he hath done, in wisdom, and faithfulness, and dear love; and that in taking these pleasant things from me, he exercises and expresses as tender affec-

H

tion unto me, as I now express towards them, in mourning for the loss of them. I desire, with Ephraim, to bemoan myself, &c. Jeremiah xxxi. 18, 19. Oh, that I might hear the Lord answering me, as he did, verse 20. It is meet to be said to God; "We have borne chastisement, we will not offend; what we see not, teach thou us; and if we have done iniquity, we will do so no more."—We know, and God much more knows enough in us, and by us, to justify his repeated strokes, though we cannot tax ourselves with any known way of disobedience. My desire is, that none may be overmuch dismayed at what hath befallen us; and let no man, by any means, be offended. Who may say to the Lord, *What dost thou?* I can say, from my heart, Though what is come upon us is very dreadful and amazing, yet I consent unto the will of God, that it is good. Doth not the goldsmith cast

his metal into the furnace? and you, husbandmen, do you not cause the flail to pass over your grain, not that you hate your wheat, but that you desire pure bread? Had our children replied when we corrected them, we could not have borne it; but, poor hearts, they did us reverence; how much rather should we be subject to the Father of Spirits, and live! You know, that nine years since, I was in a desolate condition, without father, without mother, without wife, without children; but, what a father, and mother, and wife, have been bestowed upon me, and are still continued, though my children are removed! And, above all, though I cannot deny, but that it pierceth my very heart to call to remembrance the voice of my dear children, calling Father, father! a voice now not heard; yet I bless God it doth far more refresh and rejoice me, to hear the Lord

continually calling unto me, *My son, my son ! despise not the chastening of the Lord, nor faint thou when thou art corrected of him.* And blessed be God, that he doth not despise the affliction of the afflicted, nor hide his face from him. It was the consideration that God had sanctified and glorified himself, by striking an holy awe and dread of his majesty into the hearts of his people, that made Aaron hold his peace; and if the Lord will glorify himself by my family, and by these awful strokes upon me, quickening parents unto their duty, and awakening their children to seek after the Lord, I shall desire to be content, though my name be cut off. And, I beseech you, be earnest with the Lord for us, that he would keep us from sinning against him, and that he would teach us to sanctify his name; and though our dear branches have forsaken us, yet that He, who hath

promised to be with his children in six troubles, and in seven, would not forsake us. My heart truly would be consumed, and would even die within me, but that the good will of him who dwelt in the burning bush, and his good word of promise, are *my trust* and *stay*.

*Extract of a Letter from a Clergyman on
the Death of his Child.*

I know how you have been exercised at different times, with the trials that belong to our vale of tears, and I have had some struggling in it lately, which I can mention to you, because you can feel with me. This day week, my little only boy was taken from the miseries of

children are recovering. This is mercy. May that mercy, grace, and peace be with you and your's.

Your assured friend,

R. S.

*From a Son in dying Circumstances, to
his Mother at the point of Death.*

Dearest, kindest, best of mothers, may the Almighty shed his best blessings around you, and our Saviour take you under the shadow of his wings! then, can no danger spiritual or bodily assail you, for you will rest on the Rock of Ages. Whatever may be the result with *me*, this is the support for which I pray, and that it may be extended to you. I hope the desire of my heart for both of us is, that

we may be washed in the blood of atonement from all that we fancy good in ourselves, and all that we know to be evil, that so the perfect righteousness of Jesus Christ may be placed over us, and that we may shine for ever in the spotless robe of his glory. Whether we live or die, this is the desire of my heart. The idea, at times, transports me, of that sure, and surely not far distant day; when, set free for ever from the imperfections of flesh, we shall meet again, to enjoy the delights of love and friendship in that blessed place where God shall wipe away all tears from every eye, and Jesus himself shall receive us as brothers and sisters to his home.

I was thunderstruck yesterday by the first (and it was full) intimation of your illness. Dearest mother, be assured that you have long had my most earnest prayers; although my weakness now may

diminish their fervour, I trust it shall not
their sincerity.

Signed,

R. E. D.

I was afraid to write so long a letter
with my own hand.

From a Clergyman.

MY DEAR LADY ———;

I trust you are enabled to say from
experience now, that it is really “better
(or more profitable) to go into the house
of mourning” than any other earthly scene;
it is there we learn *the end of all men,*
and the living lay it to heart; it is there
we learn wisdom, and are led to say
within ourselves, *What shall I do in the*

end thereof? It is there we learn to think and reflect; whereas the grand plan of the enemy to our peace is to destroy recollection. *The HEART of the wise is in the house of mourning, but the HEART of fools is in the house of mirth.* Who, then, are the wise of this world?

In the parable of the ten virgins, we find that five who were wise had *oil* in their lamps when the bridegroom came, this parable being an emblem of our Lord's second coming, "At midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh;" here he is described as coming unexpectedly, and so surely will it be with us. The day of our death is the day of his coming, to all who do not live to see his second advent. Of this we know not the day nor the hour. To have oil in our lamps, or the love and faith of Christ in our *hearts*, is true wisdom; for he then comes a second time with joy to those

who love his appearing,—to those who are looking for him. If, then, the school of affliction, which it has pleased the Lord to bring you into, has taught you to say, “It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes,” you then use the language of a sanctified heart. Indeed, I was much pleased at your observations on this last loss you sustained. I trust the Lord has begun a good work in you, and that you may follow the light afforded you in this vale of tears. Through the valley of the shadow of death we must ALL pass;—Are we living to him alone who can support us in that passage? living *so, that an entrance shall be ministered unto us abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* We should, in our search after heavenly things, be well assured that it is the heaven of the Bible we are seeking. It is

a most fatal mistake, that, however people may differ, yet they all hope for the same heaven; whereas the believer in Jesus, who loves him above all, and places the whole of his happiness in him,—he, and and he alone desires the heaven revealed, the essence of which is the presence and glory of the Redeemer; so St. Paul said, “I long to depart and to be with Christ.” Now, above all things, examine yourself whether this is the heaven you are seeking, for such should be the disposition of every true follower of the Lord Jesus,—“The heaven I desire is, where I shall see him who is altogether lovely,—where I shall behold him who gave his life a ransom for me, who died on the cross for me, the just for the unjust.” If I believe myself to be under sentence of death, as a rebel against my earthly king, and my fellow creature die for me, what so calculated to constrain me through love for him to

follow the commands he leaves with me ? and what so rapturous as the sight of such a friend in the next world ? But when we consider that the only begotten of the Father *descended from glory* to us who were *his enemies*, and to undergo every description of agony of mind and body as our surety ; surely the belief of *such love* should melt the hardest heart, and would, if really believed. Those who believe it not in reality, can have no pleasure in his presence, to whom they feel no way indebted. Is this the heaven, then, you are seeking ? If so, happy are you ; “God is *well pleased in his Son*, and in HIM *we* are accepted.” Rooted and grounded in love of him, we are found *in him*, if true believers ; I know I am saying nothing new in all this ; but we require line upon line, and precept upon precept. Our great adversary would keep these things out of our view, but faith is the EVIDENCE

of things not seen. We said, pray fervently for the Holy Spirit to keep us in the true faith, and that we may "walk in the Spirit." For if we have not the Spirit of Christ, we are none of his; and if not his, oh, how awful the state! God knows no one out of *Him* in whom alone he is well pleased. My object in this and my other letters of late, is for the purpose of seconding, as far as lies in my power as an humble instrument, the design of Providence in visiting you with those heavy afflictions, which is the voice of God speaking to you, as much as if you had heard a voice from heaven. What did God say to Peter, James, and John, at the transfiguration? or for what purpose was it? Surely it was to direct them, and all disposed to seek salvation, to take refuge in his Son. "This is my beloved Son, (saith the voice out of the cloud,) "hear ye him." I shall say no

more at present, on this subject, but pray fervently that your "faith may be such *as overcometh the world.*" If we do not hold its opinion at nought, when put in competition, with the most uncompromising loyalty to Christ, our hope is vain. Though he knows our infirmities, he knows also our sincerity, desire, and endeavours to take up our cross and follow him. Follow after light, and never oppose it in any thing. This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men choose darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil; and what greater evil can there be, than not following the light in mercy and tender love afforded? If you happen to have my two last letters, read over one in which, I think, I pointed out the foundation we have to build on,—not our own merits, but the merits of Christ, in *his* righteousness (or perfect obedience to the law of God) and his

blood,—without a belief in which, there is no remission of sins.

Respecting the poor little baby, I think you have every reason to take comfort from Scripture of her being at this instant in a state of felicity. Our Saviour said to the thief on the cross, “This day shalt thou be with me in paradise,” which shows the *immediate* state of happiness;—and of children he says, “Suffer them to come, and forbid them not;” and it is worthy your observation, for your comfort, that it was said to those who *brought* them, showing *their* inability to go themselves, from their age. In baptism you brought your baby to *him*, who took young children in his arms and blessed them; besides we are desired to “hope all things.” Why not then, here, where there is such encouragement? In the 31st chapter of Jeremiah, to the 17th verse, you will see the lamentations of the

mothers for their children, and the seasonable comfort administered to them,—
Thus saith the Lord, refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded, and they shall come again from the land of the enemy. And there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border. There are two things you may take comfort in, from this passage. First. The reward of thy work; thy suffering work shall be rewarded,—the comforts of deliverance shall be sufficient to balance your grievances; for God makes HIS people “glad according to the days wherein he afflicted them.” The second thing to afford you comfort, is the *restoration* of children. “They shall come again from the land of the enemy,—they shall come again to their own border.” The difference between these two passages seems to be, in this;

that children at a distance may be brought home, as Jacob's son, after he despaired of ever seeing him; and that children, removed by death, shall return to their own border, or to the happy lot assigned them in the resurrection,—a lot in the heavenly Canaan. This consideration should repress our grief for children, and make us not consider them not as lost to us, but only gone before us.

When I reflect on the promises to those who “train up their children in the way they should go,” I have the greatest comfort,—I need fear no evil. *He* who gave them life has promised *all things*; but these promises are confined to those, who, in truth and sincerity, endeavour to bring them up,—*not for the world, but for Christ's kingdom.*

Most affectionately and sincerely your's,

From the same.

MY DEAR LADY ———;

I wish I was near you, and I would delight in conversing with you, in your present frame of mind, most particularly. How the Lord in love gives us an heart of flesh! Indeed, your letter drew tears from me; and I can say with truth, they were not unmixed with joy, though I can sympathize with you in every feeling about your departed baby. I know how interesting infants are, but I suppose I can only conceive the love of a mother to her sucking child; and though great it is, you see it don't equal the love of God to those who love him. I send you a sweet hymn, which, when you copy, have the goodness to return. I hope, please God, to hear you sing it, when I next see you. We are desired to "do all to the glory of

God." Should we not use the talent of singing in his praise, who gave his life a ransom for us? Is it not the employment of the glorified above? Worthy is the Lamb! is the song of the redeemed. That it may be your's, your family's and mine, is my daily prayer. My real opinion (which, to the best of my judgment, is founded on Scripture) continues the same as when I wrote before, as to the state of your little baby, and is, that she is "as the angels in heaven" this moment. The soul never dies, though this outward man perish. The happiness is described as *consummate*, when we are clothed with glory everlasting, at the general resurrection.

May God of his infinite goodness keep you in the narrow way that leadeth unto life. My own experience tells me, (if I was not satisfied with our Saviour's own words,) that the temptations of the world

are the most formidable enemy we have to encounter, of all Satan's wiles to draw our hearts, or rather to keep our hearts from God. If the heart be not with God, it matters little, comparatively, what the object of it is,—whether the world, or what would be decried by that world, as shocking sins. "Love not the world, nor the things of the world." I dwell on this oftener with you than any other subject; because from your rank in life, it is most likely to prove a stumbling block to that uncompromising, faithful walk, which all who enlist under Christ's banner must tread. "If God be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him."

How should we rejoice in being thought worthy, or in being permitted to follow such a Master!

Your's most affectionately,

May 21, 1816.

MY DEAR LADY ———;

I have this day heard from ——— with much concern for your trouble of mind. To attempt to make light of such trials, would be defeating the purpose for which a kind and tender Father designs them. They are severe and heavy blows, and, as such, from my heart, I can sympathize with you; but remember, my dear Lady ———, that a Christian is a *soldier*; and we all know what achievements an army will do, when under a conquering leader, in the **HOPE OF THE POSSESSION IN PROSPECT**. Your language should be now, "This is my hour of trial, the eye of the Lord is upon me;" "I will neither despise his chastening, nor sink under it, through his help, who has promised it to those, who, through his Son, seek it in time of need." There is no period you can

better conceive the love of God towards his true worshippers, than at the very present, when you may compare his love, to that of a mother to her sucking child. "Zion" in distress and affliction, said, "The Lord hath forsaken me; my Lord hath forgotten me."

But, in answer to Zion's fears, under her affliction, what saith the Lord? "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on him? yea, *they may* forget, yet will not I forget thee." The tenderest moment of your life, as to *feeling and love*, is as a drop in the bucket, compared to the love of God. What greater love can there be shown, than that we lay down our life for our *friend*? But God so loved the world, while we were *enemies*, that he gave his *only begotten* Son to die for us, and *with him* will he not freely give us all things? Offer up your prayers to God for his Holy

Spirit to comfort you. He has told us, if we pray for it, he will send it ; but we are too apt to take that, with many other parts of Scripture, as passages in which we have little concern. We should feel ourselves interested in every passage of Scripture, as if we stood alone upon the earth. We fly to the creature, instead of the Creator, in time of need. Here is our grand mistake.

The Lord is working a work in you and others of your family; and though it is "hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven," yet some are "*called*;" and "whom he loveth he chasteneth." I assure you I have not been an idle or uninterested spectator at what has been going on in your family. I find his dealings with his creatures, though severe, to be productive of the happiest effects, and to be the only way to show the emptiness of all sublunary

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things. My heart's desire is, that your hope in a better country may prove the anchor of your soul in this storm of adversity. An able seaman once said, "In a storm, we have but one resource, we keep the ship in a certain position, we fix her head to wind, and in this way we weather the storm." This is a picture of a Christian; he endeavours to put himself in a certain position. "My trust," he says, "is in God." "Weeping may endure for a night, but I will bear the indignation of the Lord." I pray this may be your heavenly navigation, and that your anchor may be at last in Zion! Not ferried over the waters by a *vain hope*, but having a title and right to heaven, from your trust being in him who died and rose again, to whom we must ALL go from a sense of our NEED of him. "If we have hope only in this life in Christ, (says St. Paul,) we are of all men most miser-

able;" but really, and truly, when I consider the prospect laid before the Christian, —he who, renouncing every other hope, has taken up his cross to follow Christ, as a faithful, loyal soldier, I feel it is calculated to carry us, as it were, beyond ourselves. "LORD, what is man, that thou shouldst have such respect unto him, or the son of man, that thou so regardest him?" His promises are truly wonderful to believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, in whose presence (in as much as we may look upon ourselves as such) we shall meet, where sighing and sorrow are FOR EVER fled away, and we shall live in praise of God, and of the Lamb that was slain for our sins, having kept the faith of his dying for us, to the grave. *That faith* is turned into sight, and we behold him in whom we trusted, and our hope is turned into fruition; but our charity (or love) never faileth. The love of Christ, which

constraineth us here to follow him, abideth for ever in that ocean of eternity, where are rivers of pleasure for evermore, —where those who were dear to us here, and were interested in the saving truths of the Gospel, will be known to us, and we to them. With such a prospect, we should walk through the valley of the shadow of death, fearing no evil. May the Lord guide, keep, preserve, and strengthen you, and conduct you to the happiness in reserve for those who love him. I write this in too great a hurry for this day's post. I am sure you will excuse matter and writing. With kindest remembrance to ———,

Believe me,

My dear Lady ———,

Your's, most affectionately and sincerely.

From a Clergyman.

MY DEAR LADY ———;

I received in due course your mournful letter,—full of your amiable, tender feeling, and your heartfelt sorrows. Oh, how unfit am I to take upon me to speak, or to write to one thus oppressed with griefs, it has never pleased God to visit me with! How can my hard, untouched heart, feel in unison with a mother's tender sensibility! Love or affection is a wondrous thing; it is not contrary to reason, it is not inconsistent with, or opposed to duty; but it is something as much above either, as the heaven is higher than the earth; its warmth, its strength, is indeed superior to cold, calculating, or weak vacillation. "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." Reason, I am sure, says, you need not grieve for

her who is “taken from the evil to come;” Scripture adds, that you should not “sorrow as one without hope” for her, who has rested, before she was wearied,—for her, whose unpolluted spirit is now so much better off than any of us,—beholding the face of her heavenly Father. But love says, though reason and Scripture show that I need not, yet I must grieve,—I find a mournful satisfaction in weeping. Thus Jesus, through love, wept for the widow’s son, though he was just going to restore him to his mother. Oh, my dear Lady——, what a glorious thing it would be, if our hearts were so changed, so sublimated by this superior principle, that having fixed our love on him, who so loved us, we could be carried in the way that reason and Scripture approve, by the power of our affection!—Oh, that we could have love on the side of reason and revelation, to confirm their dictates, and

carry us sweetly and joyfully to the greatest heights of religion and virtue ! When we see how affection, when once fixed upon a creature, binds and keeps us, and continually as well as powerfully influences us, how we ought more and more to desire to have the love of God supreme in our hearts ! “ Love,” says the Apostle, “ is the fulfilling of the law : ” “ love is the end of the commandment. ” — Knowledge shall vanish away, faith be exchanged into sight, and hope turned into enjoyment ; but love shall never fail, affection to God will grow in strength, and be our life, for ever and ever. But we must begin with faith ; the great object of our love is invisible,—our Creator, our Redeemer, our Sanctifier. By faith we must first know him and see him ; therefore, here every thing depends upon our faith ; hence it should be our constant prayer, “ Lord, increase our faith. ”

Affliction is a great means of strengthening faith; it forces us to look up to God, it forces him unto our view, it humbles us, makes us feel our own weakness, and, therefore, leads us more readily to turn ourselves to him who alone can help us. The death of friends, I am sure, has a peculiar influence in this way; it leads our thoughts into another world, it makes us at times converse with departed friends, realize to ourselves the idea of joining them, and ask often, and seriously, how we may be saved, that when we depart this life we may rest in God and Christ as our hope, as our beloved does. I read the other day a very beautiful and just remark in one of Cecil's sermons. He is speaking of Lot, who still lingered in Sodom; and the angels laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and of his daughters, the Lord being merciful to them; and they brought him

forth, and set him without the city. So says he, "Whatever be the means which God employs, to, break our idolatrous attachments, and bring us on the heavenly way, though others call it a loss, or a disappointment, a disease, or a death, let us call it an *angel's hand*; let us call it the voice of Christ, saying, 'As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten. Be zealous, therefore, and repent.'"

Your's most affectionately and sincerely.

I enclose you "Cecil's Friendly Visit to the House of Mourning," though probably you have it.

From the Rev. Thomas T. Biddulph, to Miss C——, on the Death of her Mother.

MY DEAR MADAM;

I should have taken up my pen yesterday, when I heard that the expected

event had taken place, for the purpose of assuring you of Mrs. B——'s christian sympathy, and my own, if I had not been engaged by the Anniversary Meeting of our Bible Society, from morning to night. I now beg you to believe that we participate in your sorrows and joys ; because I am sure you are not so selfish as to give way to unmingled sorrow, as to wish the now glorified saint back again in this vale of tears, however great may be the loss which you have personally experienced. I know that though perhaps you regret that you could not accompany your dear parent in her flight to that region where sin and sorrow are for ever excluded, and where the redeemed soul gazes on " the King in his beauty," yet you would not again withdraw her from the beatific vision, but are comforting yourself with the thought, " I shall go to her in God's appointed time, though she shall not return

to me." The interval is short; if a thousand in the contemplation of eternity sink to a point, what are twenty or thirty years? The partition is thin that separates the church militant from the church triumphant; indeed, *where He is*, who filleth all in all, *there* is heaven. Are you separated from your beloved parent? No; this is ideal: while met in the presence of the Omniscient, while uniting in adoration, and while you are so employed as you may be sure she is, you are as much united as ever. Two lumps of sinful earth are, it is true, incapable of being, as they have been, the medium of communion; but there is a communion of spirits, with which you are not acquainted, that is not interrupted; death has no power over it; it depends on that uniting spirit with which the redeemed are endued. If not improper, will you present my kind respects to your brother and sister; may

they enter fully into that doctrine of our creed, "the communion of saints." Mrs. B—— unites with me in every kind sentiment.

Believe, my dear friend,

Your's, &c. &c.

T. T. B——.

Extract of a Letter from a Clergyman.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND ;

I have been restored, I am thankful to say, and am now able to ride out, and trust to be as strong in body, and more strong in mind, than before I was ill. Oh, for a little strength in the grace that is in Christ Jesus ! The more I see and feel, the more do I perceive that all other things are to be accounted less than

the small dust on the balance. I have learned more and more of my own villainess, unbelief, ingratitude, deceit, and desperate wickedness; I often think I have got to the end of my heart, and seen all its sinfulness; and then the Lord sends some cross, or trial to me, to say, "Hast thou seen this, O son of man? turn thee yet again, and then thou shalt see greater abominations than these;" and truly I do see greater, daily, in some dark undiscovered chamber of imagery. But, my friend, are there no undiscovered riches in Christ Jesus to meet these wants? Have I fathomed all his grace and mercy? Oh, for faith to rise in triumph over inward corruption, and to see such a ground of hope out of one's self, on the *everlasting Rock*, as to make our souls rejoice, not only in light, but in darkness, clouds, and storms, and amidst all the din of war that the principalities and rulers of darkness

can stir up about us. Mary was at ——; she visited the grave of our dear sister; I hoped to have dropped a tear upon it too. If I return, which is probable, please God, I shall see it, and write to you from thence; but what shall I write about? Shall I talk of the poor purblind eye of dust, looking down in tears and unbelief on that kindred clay, to which it is daily hastening? Or shall I not rather speak of the eye of faith, lifted up on high to the innumerable company of angels, where our dear sister swells the chorus, harping on her harp, and singing the song of Moses and the Lamb? Alas! what vile grovelling wretches we are! we talk of the things of time, as if we believed them to be shadows; but we rejoice in them, and pursue them, and mourn over them, as if they were everlasting goods; and we say, we believe the things of eternity to be substantial

and unfailing, but are as little affected by them, and live as little on them, as if they were but the day dreams of a visionary imagination. Oh, when shall we live up to the dignity of heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ? If we had but half, or quarter the dependance on this inheritance that we should have if we were heirs to some miserable spot upon this barren world, we should go on our way rejoicing, from morning till night.

R. I. M.

From the Rev. ——— to ———.

DEAR M———;

Your last letter, giving an account of our dear H——'s change of heart, has greatly comforted us; I think we may

truly say, it is the best news we have received since we left England. What, indeed, can be more delightful, than an event which affords joy to the angels that are in the presence of God? We unite with you and all our dear friends in giving glory to Him, whose sovereign grace hath done that, which no advice, nor example, nor even prayers of ours could, by themselves, have effected. It is all free grace; yet not without many prayers, which are now so mercifully answered.

By the last packet I wrote a letter, which you will probably have received before this. We now joyfully, and with bright hope, commend our sister (if she be not departed) into the hands of her gracious Redeemer. May her last days, and her dying words, be a blessing to her family and friends,—seed sown in good ground! Some preach from the pulpit. Others, more affectingly, from the grave.

When Mary rose in haste, the Jews that came to comfort her, said, She goeth to the grave to weep there. But she was going another way, even to Jesus, to pour out the fulness of her soul in his presence. How often will your heart go to H——'s grave to weep there! But knowing how tender your feelings are, and that frequent grief may seriously injure your health, let me recommend you, rather to seek him who gives rest to the weary, comforts the mourners, and binds up the broken hearted. Take all the consolation *he can*, and *will* give; honour his past mercies, by believing he has richer gifts in store. May you soon go on your way strengthened, and rejoicing. The letter respecting the Rev. Mr. V——'s death is very affecting. Poor Mrs. V——'s situation brings to our memory one of the most endearing relations in which God has been pleased to reveal himself,—

“The Father of the fatherless, and God of the widow.”

**With love to all, I remain,
Your affectionate Brother.**

On the Death of a Sister.

MY DEAR FRIEND;

Your's of the 2nd, since received, confirmed the tidings I had before heard, of the death of your excellent sister. Your loss and her husband's loss is great; but shall you for moment wish her back? The battle has been won, and she has shouted, Victory,—victory, through the blood of the Lamb. Had we stronger faith, more intimate communion with the general assembly and church of the first-born in

heaven, we should grieve less than we do, at the departure of our relatives and friends, who die in the Lord.

Our worship is defective, if it does not lead us to join with the ransomed before the throne daily. O never let us be satisfied, unless we get near the Lamb, and get into the heavenly ranks. How I seem to envy (if lawful) the departed saints, who have left the world without a blot having been cast on their fair fame, or reproach on the holy cause of Jesus.—What a sweet perfume do they leave behind. Well, this is one encouragement, that the great Shepherd lives; his care is as mighty, and his heart as full of love to his poor sheep in the wilderness as ever. Our poor frames and feelings are perpetually changing; He is the same to-day, yesterday, and for ever. Out of his fulness, as from an ocean, boundless and bottomless, have the church in heaven

and on earth been drawing supplies of grace and glory, and yet the living water of this ocean is not one line lower than it was when man entered paradise. How should we rejoice at the accessions making daily to the church triumphant; one and another weary pilgrim entering the pearly gates;—hear angels rejoicing that another heir of glory is arrived, another star added to Immanuel's crown, another harp strung and tuned for the celestial choir. Behold the powers of darkness gnashing and biting their chains, to see another brand plucked from the everlasting burning,—to see another way-worn and often wounded soldier set beyond the reach of their poisoned arrows, and for ever blessed in the presence of his King.

Next to the consideration of the excellency and glory of Jehovah, as a constant source of the misery of fallen angels, there is perhaps nothing that torments

them more than the blessed change which passes on those who had been for years exposed to their fiery darts, often overcome by them, and had been marked by them for a prey,—to see their filthy garments taken away, and fair mitres put upon their heads,—to hear their groans and tears turned into songs and praises,—and to see them casting down their crowns at his feet, who has redeemed them by his blood. May you and I, my dear friend, and all that we love, be, in our Lord's time, safely brought to that blessed state. Convey my christian sympathy to your dear mother. Another branch has been severed from the parent tree,—not to be fuel for everlasting burnings, but to flourish in a happier soil,—to be a tree of righteousness in the paradise of God.

I remain, your's very sincerely,

R— — S—.

*Letter to a Friend on the Death of his
Minister.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND ;

Yes, I do feel for you! Never had I more occasion for the exercise of christian sympathy than at this moment; when, indeed, have I felt so deeply, as on the receipt of the letter which acquainted me with your loss? Though your lamented friend was personally unknown to me, I have long regarded him with admiration, as a zealous servant of Christ, and with deep interest, on account of his being made the blessed instrument of translating you from the kingdom of darkness into that of God's dear Son! But ah, my friend, if my heart is affected by the event, what must be the feeling of your's! For were you not exhorted to esteem him very highly in love for his work's sake?

and did you not heartily obey? Nor was it a difficult task to love one of mind and manners so winning, and of piety so exalted! Never, never will you cease to “remember him who had the rule over you,” with the tenderest affection; nor will you refuse the consolation which is awarded to that injunction of the apostle. *Here*, here is the blessing,—your dear instructor is gone, but the object of his faith, it is your privilege to follow; “Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!”

Alas! you say, perhaps, “My faith is weak; my hope is languid; and since God has taken away my teacher, I fear I shall wander from the right path, and lose my road to heaven.” But, my beloved, who was it that brought you out of the land of Egypt, and the house of bondage? Moses and Aaron were *the servants* employed during part of the journey, but

they were not permitted to lead the children of Israel over Jordan ; still, however, the ark of the covenant remains ; and it is enough for you if the presence of God goes with you, and gives you rest.

Your pastor did indeed pity you, when he saw you “poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked ;” but it was Jesus who bestowed on you “white raiment, and eye-salve, and gold tried in the fire.” Scarcely for a righteous man will one die ; and had your dear friend desired it, he could not have delivered your soul, or have given to God a ransom for you. But Jesus left the bosom of his Father to suffer and die for you, and to bear your sins, in his own body, on the tree !

Your earthly shepherd was a kind and judicious guide, but it was the Shepherd and Bishop of Souls who directed you by his Spirit ;—it was He who delivered you from danger, and kept your feet from fall-

ing; and since He has once loved you, oh, rejoice that He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever! Death has deprived you of an earthly treasure, but this heavenly gift he cannot take away; for neither famine, nor distress, nor persecution, nor tribulation, nor life, nor death, can separate you from the love of Christ.

When weak in faith, you were accustomed to lament your infirmity to your dear pastor; but now Jesus would have you seek himself. Instead of inquiring for human counsel, he would have you spread your affairs before him; instead of imparting your sorrows to a mortal, he invites you to "cast all your care on him, for he careth for you." Sincerely as your friend watched over you, Jesus regards you with more affectionate solicitude. The mother may forget her infant, but He will never forget you!

Do not, my dear young friend, write

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bitter things against yourself, and say, "Oh, that I had loved my Lord as I have done the friend he gave me!—then should I not have been visited by this judgment." Do not thus regard it; let it rather seem to you a message of love. God is jealous, it is true,—but it is because he loves you, that he will not suffer another to usurp the place he claims in your heart. Do you not hear him saying, "Draw nearer unto me, my ransomed one,—*I* have redeemed thee,—*I* have blotted out thy sins,—*I* will guide thee by my counsel, and afterwards receive thee into glory." And what would be the language of your now sainted friend, were he to look down from his elevated station upon those who are mourning that he has attained such exceeding blessedness, standing amidst the assembly which surround the throne? He would point you to the source of their joys, and tell you that He who liveth for

ever and ever, is worthy to be loved and praised, and He alone!—Think, too, of the happiness he has attained!—While you are heavy-laden with sin, he is for ever freed from its torment;—no temptations, — no wanderings, now draw his heart from his Lord; no longer does he see through a glass darkly, but face to face; he knows, even as he is known; and he is like Jesus, for he sees him as he is! And, though it be my full persuasion, that the spirits of the blessed have an inexplicable union and communion with the church militant, yet it is not to that I would point you for comfort; to Him alone, to whom you were first guided by your inestimable friend, would I direct your wounded spirit.

May the God of all consolation visit you in great mercy! To Him I commend you; and remain your attached friend.

*Letter from Surgeon M——, on board
His Majesty's Ship ——, written
previously to the Battle fought with the
Algerines, under Lord Exmouth, in
which he was killed.*

MY DEAR DEAR BROTHER COLIN ;

I may date my letter in eternity, as I mean you never to receive this unless I am killed in the ensuing engagement with the Algerines. If the Lord thinks fit to take me to himself in this fight, I leave the management of my few affairs to your kindness. I hope you will, on no account, omit calling on my poor parents at Woolwich, to tell them about Christ, and him crucified. Tell them that this is the subject which supported me under all worldly afflictions ; and, under the banner of which, I met death with the courage which his servants ever do. Tell those dear Chris-

tians at Portsmouth and Plymouth, how happily I died, hoping in that Redeemer who will save me from all harm, in the world where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, or thief break in. It is uncertain, (or I mean to say,) unknown, what may happen to us in the event of our fighting the Algerines, but I hope the Lord will give me a pious resignation to all his holy appointments. Let me kiss the rod that chastens me ! I have suffered some persecution since I have been on board here, and have been hard pressed by Satan in feeling revengeful for it. I have often required a comforter,—a short conversation with you would have, indeed, comforted me ; but, had I enjoyed that, I might have neglected the source from whence all strength is derived.

My dear, dear brother, excuse the hurry of this laconic epistle from one who, indeed, loves you above all others, with

such a love as David's to Jonathan. I am hurried about, the confusion is so great; all preparations are making for the bloody work which is expected. I never had many worldly wishes, and, perhaps, I am better for it; I was needy to the last, but I possessed a jewel which the world cannot give. Adieu, until I see you in that world where we shall all praise the Lord for evermore. Adieu, again, I hope, for a short time.

*Some further Particulars concerning
Mr. M——, extracted from a Letter
written by one of his Companions.*

“You have, no doubt, heard of the death of our dear and amiable brother, M——; our sinful hearts have been

greatly supported by the evidences he discovered, and by the testimonies he has left, of his possessing the grace of God, and of his hope of eternal life, through faith in Christ.

“It seems to have been impressed deeply on his mind, that he should fall in battle; and, for some time before the awful and sanguinary conflict, it would appear that the evidences of his interest in the great salvation, and title to the crown of glory, were unusually strong and clear. The last time Arthur prayed with him was on the Rock of Gibraltar; while lying there, I had the happiness of seeing him, and conversing with him, twice. Speaking of the intended action, I observed to him, “What, if you should be killed?” For a while he looked serious; then, lifting up his hand, he said, with a cheerful countenance, “Oh, that would be gain!” Before his departure from this

dreary wilderness, he wrote me a very cheering letter; speaking of a friend, he says, "Tell him the Lord has taken me to his blessed realms, where I shall no longer be troubled with carnal feelings, but shall there wait to see my dear brethren after they have left this place of trial." Again, he says, "I have hope in my Redeemer's sufferings to be justified before the face of my God; otherwise I should, indeed, dread to die; but, if I die, I trust, I am only sent to sing praises the sooner to that Redeemer who has sent his grace into my heart;—I have left the things of this life, by this time, for those of another world, where I hope to see my Saviour saluting me as one of his blessed servants, blessed in having his precious grace. I feel quite resigned to all that can possibly happen to me, as I know I am under the direction of a loving Father. What an indescribable joy do I

feel in my justification before God, now in the moment when the worldly boaster trembles,—that I can stand unappalled, and point with faith to my Redeemer. Love to the brethren for the Redeemer's sake;—oh, for more love to Jesus of Nazareth; for more love to those that bear his lovely image!"

From the Rev. R. J. M.

June 10, 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND;

I am ashamed to think that I have been a week at home without fulfilling my promise of writing to you; and, though I have not been unoccupied, still nothing ought to have superseded the duty, or,

shall I not call it the pleasure, of humbly endeavouring to say a few words of consolation to an afflicted friend, who is in heaviness through manifold temptations ; —in the Lord's good time you will be thankful for them ; because when he hath done that which is needful for you, you will have reason to know, with Peter, that there was a *need* for your trial ; (1 Peter, i. 6 ;) and to say, with David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I may learn thy statutes." "Now no trial seemeth for the present joyous ;" for if it did, it would cease to be a trial at all ; therefore, my dear friend, instead of pining over the present, look to the end of these things. I think I hear you tell me, "Oh, I can't do that ; I don't feel in myself that I can discern any one mark of being a child of God ; I am perplexed with this text, and perplexed with such another text ; — *well!* I will not inquire

what texts perplex you, but I will merely mention *one*,—"Be it known unto you, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe are justified from all things." Who says so?—The God of truth. Does he?—Then I may depend on him. Depend on Him!—Yes; He knew your unbelieving heart, how slow you were to believe his word, and therefore he has not only said it, but given his oath in addition to his covenant, "that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, (Hebrews, vi. 18,) we might have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us." Oh, then, my dear friend, how can we doubt the security of our dependance? — A poor condemned criminal would think the bare signification of his sovereign's mercy, taken from the lips of a common jailor, a sufficient ground

of joy and transport; and shall we dare to doubt the word, the oath, of our God, written with his hand, and sealed with his blood, instead of thinking that it would be presumption to be secure of our salvation in the blood of Jesus? Alas! the presumption lies in doubting it; for what is it but to say, that we believe the word and oath of God to be such a vain security, that we cannot confidently rely on it. Where, then, are all your doubts and fears? I will answer every one you can urge for a thousand years, by asking you one question;—Hath not Jesus died to justify the ungodly? Yes. Well, then, what more do you need? What more can you require? *Is it not finished?* “Return then, unto thy rest, oh, my soul!” Where art thou wandering for peace, thou poor bewildered sheep? Hath not thy Shepherd made peace by the blood of his cross? Yes; but you will say, “His

sheep all follow him ; they hear his voice ; I don't follow him." No ; his sheep do not all follow him ; for he is forced to carry the poor weak lambs ; what a dear Shepherd he is !

Oh, my dear friend, do not dishonour him by being afraid to trust him. Cast *all* your care—ALL ! Oh, what a comprehensive word to a poor tried soul ! All my sins, all my backslidings, all my unbelief, all my doubts, all my fears, all my hopes, all my cares of body and soul. Oh, how countless and dear ! Can Jesus, then, bear them all ? Yes ; — Cast all your cares upon me, saith he. I can bear them, for I am *Power* ; I will, for I am *Love*. What can we do since he does all for us, but sit down lost in wonder, in time and eternity, and give to Jesus *all* power, praise, and glory, for ever and ever, Amen ? May his blessed Spirit give the dear reader to know this,

and teach the poor writer to know it too !

Your's, my dear friend,

I trust, in the best of bonds,

R. J. M.

Letter from the Rev. J. Hervey.

Weston, December 17, 1747.

DEAR SIR ;

I truly commiserate your variegated calamity, and heartily wish I could suggest any thing which might be the means of administering some ease to your afflicted mind, and of assisting you to reap ample benefit from your distressed situation.

You well know, that all afflictions of what kind soever, proceed from God. "I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil; I, the Lord, do all these things."—(Isaiah, xlv. 7.) They spring not from the dust; are not the effects of a random chance, but the appointment of an all-wise, all-foreseeing God, who intends them all for the good of his creatures. This, I think, is the fundamental argument for resignation, and the grand source of comfort. This should be our first reflection, and our sovereign support. He that gave me my being, and gave his own Son for my redemption, he has assigned me this suffering. —What he ordains, who is boundless love, must be good: what he ordains, who is unerring wisdom, must be proper.

This reconciled *Eli* to the severest doom that was ever denounced. It is

the Lord, and though grievous to human nature, much more grievous to parental affection, yet it is unquestionably the best; therefore, I humbly acquiesce; I kiss the awful decree, and say from my very soul, "Let him do what seemeth him good." (1 Samuel, iii. 18.)

This calmed the sorrows of *Job*, under all his unparalleled distresses; the Lord gave my affluence and prosperity; the Lord has taken all away; rapacious hands and warring elements were only his instruments; therefore I submit, I adore, I bless his holy name.

This consolation fortified the man Christ Jesus, at the approach of his inconceivably bitter agonies; the cup, which, not my implacable enemies, but my Father, by their administration, has given me, shall I not drink it? It is your Father, dear Sir, your heavenly Father, who loves you with an everlasting love, that

has mingled some gall with your portion in life; sensible of the beneficent hand, from which the visitation comes, may you always bow your head in patient submission; and acknowledge with the excellent, but afflicted monarch, *Hezekiah*, "Good is the word of the Lord concerning me." (2 Kings, xx. 19.)

All afflictions are designed for blessings.—To do us good at the latter end, however they may cross our desires, or disquiet our minds at present. Happy (says the Spirit of Inspiration, and not wretched) is the man whom God correcteth. (Job, v. 17.) And for this reason, because his merciful chastenings, though not joyous but grievous, yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby. (Hebrews, xii. 11.) God's ways are not as our ways. The children whom we love, we are apt to treat with all the soft blandishments

and fond caresses of profuse indulgence ; and too, too often humour them to their hurt, if not to their ruin. But the Father of Spirits is wise in his love, and out of kindness severe.—Therefore, it is said, “whom he loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.” (Hebrews, xii. 6.) Would you not, dear Sir, be a child of that everlasting Father, whose favour is better than life? Affliction is one sign of your adoption to this inestimable relation. Would you not be an “heir of the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away?” Affliction is your path to that blissful patrimony. “Through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven.” (Acts, xiv. 22.) Would you not be made like your ever-blessed and amiable Redeemer? He was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and every disciple must expect to be as his Master.

Perhaps you may think your affliction peculiarly calamitous ; and that if it had been of some other kind, you could more cheerfully submit, more easily bear it ; but you are in the hands of an all-wise Physician, who joins to the bowels of infinite love, the discernment of infinite wisdom. He cannot mistake your case. He sees into the remotest events ; and, though he varies his remedies, always prescribes with the exactest propriety to every one's particular state. Assure yourself, therefore, the visitation which he appoints, is that most suited to your's. Any other would have been less fit to convey saving health to your immortal part, and less subservient to your enjoyment of the temporal blessings, which may, perhaps, be yet in store for you.

Should you inquire what benefits accrue from afflictions ? Many and precious.—They tend to wean us from the world.

When our paths are strewed with roses, when nothing but music and odours float around, how apt are we to be enamoured with our present condition, and forget the crown of glory, forget Jesus and everlasting ages! But affliction, with a faithful, though harsh voice, rouses us from the sweet delusion. Affliction warns our heart to arise and depart from these inferior delights, because here is not our rest. True and lasting joys are not here to be found. The sweeping tempest and the beating surge teach the mariner to prize the haven where undisturbed repose waits his arrival. In like manner, disappointments, vexations, anxieties, crosses, teach us to long for those happy mansions, where all tears will be wiped away from the eyes; (Revelations, xxi. 5.) all anguish banished from the mind; and nothing, nothing subsist, but the fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore.

Afflictions tend to bring us to Christ. Christ has unspeakable and everlasting blessings to bestow,—such as the world can neither give nor take away; such as are sufficient to pour that oil of gladness into our souls, which will float above the waves of any earthly tribulation.

In Christ Jesus there is pardon of sins.—Sin is a burden, incomparably sorer than any other distress. Sin would sink us into the depths of eternal ruin, and transfix us with the agonies of endless despair. But Christ has, at the price of his very life, purchased pardon for all that fly to him. He has borne the guilt of their sins in his own body on the tree. (1 Peter, ii. 24.) Have they deserved condemnation?—He has sustained it in their stead. Are they obnoxious to the wrath of God? He has endured it as their substitute. He has made satisfaction, complete satisfaction for all their iniquities.

(Romans, iii. 25, 26.) So that justice itself, the most rigorous justice, can demand no more. Oh, that distresses may prompt us to prize this mercy! may incite us to desire ardently this blessedness! Then it will be good for us to have been afflicted. (Psalm, cxix. 71.)

Christ has obtained for us the gift of the Holy Spirit, (Galatians, iii. 2.) to sanctify our hearts, and renew our natures. An unrenewed carnal mind is ten thousand times more to be lamented, more to be dreaded, than any external calamities. And nothing can cure us of this most deadly disease, but the sanctification of the Spirit. This Divine Spirit alone is able to put the fear of God in our souls, and awaken the love of God in our hearts. (Jeremiah, xxxii. 40.) His influences suggest such awful and amiable thoughts to our minds, as will be productive of these christian graces. This sacred prin-

ciple subdues our corruptions, and conforms us to our blessed Redeemer's image. How is this best gift of Heaven disesteemed by the darlings of the world, who have nothing to vex them!—But how precious is it, how desirable to the heirs of sorrow! They breathe after it, as the thirsty hart panteth for the water-brooks.—They cannot be satisfied without its enlightening, purifying, cheering communication. This is all their request, and all their relief, “that the Spirit of Christ may dwell in their hearts;” (Romans, viii. 9.) may enable them to possess their souls in patience, (Luke, xxi. 19.) and derive never-ending good from momentary evils. Before I close these lines, permit me to recommend one expedient, which yet is not mine, but the advice of an inspired Apostle, “If any be afflicted, let him pray.” Dear Sir, fly to God in all your adversity, pour out your complaints

before him in humble supplication, and shew him your trouble. (Psalm, cxlii. 2.) When I am in heaviness, says a holy sufferer, I will think upon God. (Psalm, lxi. 2.) His omnipotent power, his unbounded goodness, whose ear is ever, ever open to receive the cry of the afflicted. When the Psalmist was distressed on every side, without were fightings, within were fears, the throne of grace was the place of his refuge; I give myself to prayer, (Psalm, cix. 3) was his declaration. This method, we read, *Hannah* took, and you cannot but remember the happy issue. (1 Samuel, i. 10.) Let me intreat you to imitate these excellent examples; frequently bend your knees, and more frequently lift up your heart to the Father of mercies, and God of all consolation; not doubting, but that through the merits of his dear Son, through the intercession of your

compassionate High-Priest, he will hear your petitions, will comfort you under all your tribulations, and make them all work together for your infinite and eternal good.

In the mean time I shall not cease to pray, that the God of all power and grace may vouchsafe to bless THESE CONSIDERATIONS, and render them as balm to your aching heart, and as food to the divine life in your mind.—I am, dear Sir, with much esteem, compassion, and respect,

Your very sincere well-wisher, &c.

Letter from the Rev. John Newton.

DEAR MADAM ;

The letter we received yesterday from
— has given us some painful feelings

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for you both. He says you are lower in spirits than usual. By this time I hope the Lord has raised your spirits again. I wonder not that they sometimes droop; your part is trying and solitary, affording many handles, which the enemy, if permitted, knows how to take hold of. The pressure of your troubles is further aggravated by their long continuance.

It is one thing to stand tolerably in a skirmish, when it is but a brush and away, like a hasty shower in a summer day, which presently leaves us in full possession of the sun again. It is quite a different thing to endure patiently, when a trial lasts not for days or months, but from year to year,—when expectation seems to fail, and all our scouts return to tell us there is no perceptible abatement of the waters. But, is this the way to raise our spirits? Instead of giving you *sal volatile*, as I designed, I had almost

mistaken the vial. Let us try again. Nay, this is it. Read the inscription,—“As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.” No wonder we are often sorrowing in such a world as this; but to be always rejoicing in the midst of tribulation,—this may seem strange, but is no more strange than true. Likely I want a witness to this in open court. I may confidently summon you to confirm it. They who would always rejoice, must derive their joy from a source which is always the same,—in other words, from Jesus. Oh, that name! What a person, what an office, what a love, what a life does it recal to our minds! and oh, what a death! Come, Madam, let us leave our troubles to themselves for a while, and let us walk to Golgotha, and there take a view of his. We stop as we are going, at Gethsemane, for it is not a step out of the road; there he lies bleeding, though not wounded,—it is by an

invisible and Almighty hand. Now I begin to see what sin has done; now let me bring my sorrows, and compare, measure, and weigh them, against the sorrows of my Saviour. Foolish attempt! to weigh a mote against a mountain,—against the universe!

Thus far we have attained already. We are still more confined to our next station. Now are we at the foot of the cross,—“Behold the Man!”—attend to his groans,—contemplate his wounds. Now let us sit down here awhile, and weep for our crosses if we can. For our crosses! nay, rather let us weep for our sins, which brought the Son of God into such distress.

Agreed. I feel that we deserved to be crucified, yea, to be utterly forsaken. But this is not all. His death not only shows our desert, but seals our pardon. For a full proof of this, let us take another

station. Now we are at his tomb,—the stone is rolled away,—he is not here, he is risen again,—the debt is paid, and the surety discharged. Not here! where then is he? Look up. Methinks the clouds part, and glory breaks there! Behold a throne! He speaks! May every word sink deep into your heart and mind. He says, I know your sorrows; yea, I appoint them,—they are tokens of my love! It is thus I call you to the honour of following me.

Fear none of these things! Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life! It is enough, Lord. Now let us compute, let us calculate again. These scales are the balances of the sanctuary. Let us put in our trials and griefs on one side,—what an alteration! I thought them lately very heavy; now I find them light; the scale hardly turns with them. But how shall we

manage to put on the other side? It is heavy indeed,—an exceeding great and eternal weight of glory! It is beyond my grasp and power. No matter,—comparison is needless. I see with the glance of an eye there is no proportion. I am content, I am satisfied,—I am ashamed I have been so long in mourning. And is this all the cause? Well, if the flesh will complain, it shall grieve by itself; the spirit (the Lord enabling me) shall rejoice; yea, it does rejoice. From this moment I wipe away my tears and forbid them to flow; or if they must, they shall be tears of gratitude, love, and joy. But the cloud closes. I can no longer see what I lately saw; however, I have seen it,—I know it is there. He ever liveth, full of compassion and care, to plead for me above,—to manage for me below. He is mine, and I am his; therefore all is well. I hope this little walk will do us

both good. We have seen wonderful things to-day,—wonderful in their efficacy, to compose our minds, and to make us willing to suffer on.

I am, your affectionate,
JOHN NEWTON.

From the Rev. R. J. M.

MY DEAR FRIEND;

I long much to know the event of the physician; however, my dear B—y, it is a comfort to know, that the rod is in the hand, not of an angry, but of a reconciled Father, who loveth more than all the world, or our fondest earthly parent could love us. Can a woman forget the child at her bosom? yea, she

may forget thee. Fear not, therefore, for those whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth; and if ye endure not chastening, whereof all are partakers, (dear children,) then are ye bastards, and not sons. Wherefore, lift up the hands that hang down, and the feeble knees; look up to thy crown and thine inheritance, and all things that grieve thee will appear but light and short. We are like a person travelling through a dark and swampy valley, in which the damps and fogs continually cast a gloomy shade over every object, and shut the rays of the sun from his eyes; but when he ascends some clear and lofty mountain's top, he is able to look down and to see beyond them all. Oh, that we were able to stand on Golgotha! how we should look down upon the world and all its mists and fogs, —its pains, and sicknesses, and sorrows, would all be beneath our feet, while

Canaan would shine in sweet perspective beyond them. I would call to your mind, my dear B—, that the affliction which it has pleased God to send you, is one which (if you admit the rod to be a blessing that calls for thankfulness) seems to demand not only patience but gratitude; it is one which, in the first place, could not in any human probability affect the life, nor even the health of the person afflicted; it is one which calls not for any of those severe remedies, at the expense of which (in so far as the body is concerned) life is often dearly purchased; it is one which does not deprive us of the exercise of any one faculty of the mind; and, perhaps, it is the only one which is tempered with so many blessings to counterbalance it. What, then, does it say? "Be still, and know that I am God." I send thee a rod; but it is one plucked from the tree of life, and tied

with the bonds of everlasting love. I call thy mind to myself, that thou mayest have leisure to examine the blessings of that rich inheritance which I have purchased for thee, and the vanity of that world, from which I have drawn thee. What a happy child, to have such an instructor to teach, and such a lesson to learn.

R. J. M.

Rev. Mr. Davidson to a Friend.

I heard with no small concern of your late illness, and often thought of, and mentioned you, when I bowed my knees to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. But I now rejoice to hear, that the Lord has once more sent you back from the gates of death, to continue here a little

longer. This is more needful for your friends on earth, till the full and appointed time come, that shall find you completely meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. Yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry. But we have need of patience, that after we have borne and done the will of God concerning us in this world, we may receive the promise of full and complete salvation. Then we shall know that the time we waited was not a lost season, in which no good was done; on the contrary, that the Lord was hereby hewing, and squaring us, to fit us for our place, in the holy and spiritual temple above, of which the Lord Jesus Christ is both the foundation and the top-stone. In the mean time, we are made to know the wonderful mystery there is in these words,—“As dying, and behold we live; as chastened, and not killed; as

sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as having nothing, yet possessing all things." Faith can see a glory, a substantial reality and truth in such words; while they who are destitute of faith, can see nothing but positive and flat contradictions. These, and such words as these, are mysteries of the kingdom, that are hidden from the wise and prudent of this world, but are revealed to babes, for their joy and furtherance of faith; and we must go forward in our journey through the wilderness, learning, and living upon the faithful, the never-failing Word of God, who cannot lie. The highway to the kingdom lies through manifold tribulations; the King himself went to it in this way; and the footsteps of the flock who have gone before us, treading in them, must be safe, and will certainly lead to where He now is, and where all who love and believe in his name shall shortly be.

Oh, celestial point ! when, when shall it come ? But when it comes, and come it certainly will, then shall be fulfilled what is written,—“ Thy sun shall no more go down, nor thy moon withdraw itself ; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.” A few steps more, and I trust we shall be where our heart and our treasure is. The shadows of the evening are growing long with us, and the sun of our day in this world is getting low ; may it set bright and calm, and issue in the rising of the glorious Sun of Righteousness upon us in the world of light and glory, where there are no clouds to hide the light of it, and there shall be one eternal noon !

I neither need, nor can say more at present, save only, that I feel the overflowings of a heart filled with unfeigned love to you, which makes me both weep

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and rejoice with you. Since christian sympathy is inseparable from that friendship that is founded in the love of God, glad shall I be to hear from you,—more glad still to hear of your welfare.

I am, my dear Sir, with great affection and esteem, your sympathizing brother and friend, in the strong and everlasting bonds of the love of Jesus our Lord.

THOMAS DAVIDSON.

Mr. D——, to his Brother.

MY DEAREST BROTHER ON EARTH.

The beatings of a warm heart to you are very strong, else I would not have touched a pen. Oh, that the love of Christ may constrain me more effectually! The Head drank of the brook in the way, and

then lifted up his head; so shall it be with all the members. The cup that our Lord drank was full of the curse, and that has filled ours with a Father's blessing, and why shall we not drink it? I believe all is well; and I hope all will be better eternally. I need not ask your joint addresses for me. No; I am sure of them. In my wearisome nights, you and your concerns often cast up in my thoughts. Great grace be with you. My affectionate salutations to Mrs. D. and yourself. Accept of this poor scribble, written with great difficulty, as a small testimony of the continued old love of him, who remains, with great affection,

Your's, in such strong ties
as Death cannot dissolve,

H. DAVIDSON.

My dear brother, farewell, and again farewell, till I either write to you, or till

we meet within the veil, and that would be best for us both. But the Lord's will be done.

*Rev. Mr. Bull's Letter to Mrs. Wilberforce,
a short time before her Death, 1789.*

DEAR MADAM;

I am glad to hear you are not worse than when I saw you; and if it please the Lord, I wish you were better. I called this morning just to remind you, that having travelled together some years, we are getting nearer our journey's end, and the prospect of Canaan before us is very pleasant and very delightful; to be sure, Jordan is in the way, or else the country is not far off; you may see it plain enough; but remem-

ber, my dear and steady friend, remember, the moment Israel touched the waters with their feet, the waters divided on this side, and on that, and Israel went over quite dry shod.—So, the moment that you and I shall wet our feet in that Jordan, which is before us, the pains of death shall be divided this way, and that way, and we shall be in Immanuel's land. It is the poor, pained, afflicted body, not death, that makes us uncomfortable; but the moment we enter Jordan, the body will drop off; pain, sickness, sin, and sorrow will drop off; and instead of dying, we shall, in one moment, find ourselves on the dry ground of Canaan. This you owe to Jesus; He is that High Priest, whose feet dipt in the brim of the waters, and the waters divided, and were never able to close since, upon any one that was following Jesus, as his priest, — and Jesus, as

the ark of the covenant. There was to be a space between the ark and the people, about 2,000 cubits: and there is a space between the time Jesus dipt his feet in Jordan, and when you and I are to pass over; but be assured of this, when you come to the point, you will find the waters dried up, and Canaan will be nearer than you expected. O that poor afflicted body will sleep in Jesus, while you yourself will see him, hear him, feel him; his warmth, his light, his power, wisdom, holiness, justice, goodness; and above all, and through all, his love!—O then, you will find yourself light as a sun-beam; and in a moment recovering yourself from the first surprise, you will be celebrating and singing many a sweet hymn; viz. the eternal love of God the Father, the certainty of the everlasting covenant of free grace in the salvation

of hell-deserving sinners, the faithfulness of God to his promises, the spotless purity or holiness of his kingdom; but above all, what will fire you with unutterable delight, will be the sight of Jesus! GOD and Man in one person; the awfulness of his majestic person, and the captivating sweetness of his love. That poor dear body of your's, as it is, would melt into ten thousand atoms, if it were present at the sight of so much glory.—I see, I feel, I tremble, at the piercing eye of Jesus, that will penetrate you through in a moment with unutterable joy and love; but see how he looks all over holiness and love;—alas! I cannot say more; these things are all unutterable,—but I think by and by, you and I shall see, and know, and feel this to be all love. There is another hymn you will sing sweetly, and that is the dying love of Jesus, who hath redeemed us

by his blood, &c.—“Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood.” You will have another hymn called, “The Lord our righteousness!” Justification by his righteousness is now a matter of weak, feeble, imperfect faith; but then you will clearly understand it. Oh, what a robe! so sweet, so rich, so honourable, so pleasing to God, so sweet in the eye of justice, and so glorious to the soul that wears it, and Jesus will put it on. I leave you with Jesus to support you, I am sure he is able, I know he is willing; try him; lean with all your might: to his good Spirit I commit you!

Mrs. Wilberforce's Remarks on the Receipt of Mr. Bull's Letter.

The sight of Mr. Bull's letter greatly comforted me at the time I received it; but I thought it over more on Thursday, that night of suffering.—I know not what the Lord intends for me, life or death, (I may say for several nights,) only it was good. It appeared to me he was about to call me to glory: he had me fast by the hand; my feet were nearly dipt into Jordan; I thought I should soon feel this poor infirm body of sin drop off, and the channel dry for me to pass through comfortably. The Saviour was my sole support, and oh, I leaned on him earnestly, — my former fears of death had no place; it was as if I had never known them.

*Extract from Dr. Joseph Milner's Sermons
on Resignation.*

DEAR BROTHER ;

Resignation to the divine will is one of the last and highest attainments of the christian life. It is what is ultimately to be aimed at as essential to comfort here, and happiness hereafter. But it seems not, by any means, to be the first object of one who is desirous of becoming a Christian ; nor even attainable, except some other necessary things are previously acquired. For me to have my will in unison with the will of God, I must, in the first place, trust him thoroughly, and love him supremely. For it is impossible for me freely to give up my will to another entirely, while we are on bad terms ; that is, so long as I cannot trust him, and so long as I hate him ; or, what in this

case comes to the same thing, love any person, or any thing, better than Him. The conclusion is, all attempts at resignation will be vain, without any conversion and reconciliation with God. When we are convinced of the sinfulness and misery of our natural state, it is a high point of wisdom to seek, by prayer and diligent searching of the Scriptures, that only right and effectual method of relief which God has provided. "Repent, and believe the gospel," is the first thing. We should not stir from this direction, till we have some good ground of evidence, that we do repent and believe. Alas! our guilt and wickedness are much deeper and larger than we are apt to suspect; and our pride fights with inexpressible obstinacy against all just conviction. But let us not be discouraged; "things impossible with men are possible with God." Let us pray, not now and then

only, but constantly; life is short; we have no other business that ought to interfere with this. It should be the perpetual, it is the most important, employment of the soul.

The Scriptures, daily meditated on, will supply us with instruction; and if we persevere, our business in religion will doubtless be made, in due time, our chief pleasure. A thorough insight into human emptiness and worldly vanity, a complete conviction of the evil of sin, even in our own particular case, and a desire to forsake it altogether, a solid discernment of the complete sufficiency of Christ to save us in all respects,—these things, in daily seeking unto God, are to be attained. We are not so ready to pray as God is to hear. He delights to magnify Jesus, and to show what the Father can, and will, do for us, through his Son. He calls us to nothing in our own strength; and as we cannot

have, so we need not think of having, any worthiness of our own. We may come and take freely what He freely bestows,—and, my dear brother, when once in this way you can steadfastly rely on the divine promises through Christ;—so sure as “faith worketh by love,” you will find yourself enabled to love God; and it is in Christ Jesus that his love will be seen. An union and fellowship of Christ will take place, accompanied with the sweetest and pleasantest perception which the human mind can have; though frequently, and even often, the effervescence of it be but short and momentary, and by very transient glances, yet its steady energy is real and powerful. For, to encourage us, we should remember the interest we have in HIM by the ties of a common nature. The second and the fourth chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews also represent this point strongly. You may

think I deviate from the subject of resignation; but I know of no other way of coming to it. Once brought to love Christ above all, we shall love other persons in the best manner; but always in subordination. Even to part with dearest friends will be practicable; because, (1 Thessalonians, iv. 14,) "if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." When we can feel any genuine love to God in Christ, we shall be led to such an acquiescence in his wisdom and goodness, that we shall choose his will to take place rather than our's; and the thought,—how soon all things shall be set right in a future life, and that he makes all things work together for good, will reconcile the mind to any thing that God pleases. And though the dissolution of soul and body be always a serious thing, and against the

feelings of nature, yet a mind, whose hope and desire are with Jesus, and which has a constant thirst for spiritual enjoyments, as true felicity, and which is loosened from all worldly attachments, must, on THE WHOLE, wish for death, rather than life, as we all wish most for that which has most of our heart. But the love of God will teach such a one to resign himself, as to the time, to his Heavenly Father's will. You will not mistake me, I hope, as if I supposed all true Christians have learnt all this completely; far from it. These things are learnt by them in a measure; but not without much conflict, opposition from sinful nature all along, and much imperfection. And though it is not easy to confine by rules the order of the Spirit's operations, yet this seems the general order of christian virtue; viz. repentance, faith, love, resignation.—In Christ

himself this resignation was perfect;—
 “Not my will, but thine be done:” and,
 as far as we can trust in him for grace,
 so far we may receive grace out of his
 fulness. Among mere men, St. Paul
 seems the completest pattern of resig-
 nation. What a tremendous view is that
 of his sufferings in the latter part of the
 eleventh chapter of his Second Epistle
 to the Corinthians! But how practicable
 did the love of God make every thing to
 him! In Philippians, iv. 11—13, he tells
 us he had learned to be content in any
 state, and that he could do all things
 through Christ which strengthened him;
 and the original word, for had learned,
μεμνημαι, alluding to the pagan mysteries,
 shows that the learning was of a myste-
 rious nature.—Dear brother, I write in
 the fulness of affection, wishing you to
 make it your main business, from day to
 day, to learn these things. I am far

from thinking that your long course of afflictions has been against your acquiring them. Oh, let us beg for patience to lie as clay in the hands of his infinite wisdom, who knows how to humble our pride, and to break our wills, and to form us to a conformity to himself! And may you be helped to a steady course of praying, and of seeking God, with a willingness to give up all for Christ!—I have been looking at Dr. ———'s Life. The man was unfaithful to his convictions,—for the most part of his life at least. Had he been humble before God, he would have been despised in the world, but have been comfortable in his own soul.

May Christ Jesus visit you, and lead you, dear brother, to true rest.

Your's, &c.

Let those, who, during Mr. M ———'s

life, thought him an enthusiast, a fanatic, wrong-headed, or, in general, irrational, reflect, that this letter was written in great weakness of body, and under such circumstances as could afford little probability of recovery of health;* — and when they have got over their first surprise at the wisdom and solidity of the advice it contains, then let them further reflect on the state of Mr. M——'s mind in those moments when usually all human comforts fail; and on his firm expectations and glorious prospects of a future life, and they may perhaps be disposed to say, "Let me die the death of the righteous."

* The violence of Mr. M——'s fever had abated; but he never recovered from its debilitating effects.

*Extract from Mrs. Trimmer's Diary, on
the Sudden Death of a Child.*

To Mrs. Denward.

Brentford, October 5, 1795.

MY DEAR MADAM;

Both myself and family do most sincerely sympathize with you and the distressed parent, in your affliction, which is doubtless very great, and so sudden a shock cannot but be severely felt. Indeed it is necessary, at first, to give way to the feelings of nature; they cannot be resisted, in the beginning, without such effects as may be hurtful to the constitution; nor does God require of us to be *insensible* to the evils we meet with. But I need not say to *you*, I am sure, that it is not for Christians to *sorrow like those without hope*. After we have wept for the dead, we must seek comfort for ourselves; and those that seek will surely

find. I have reason to say so, for I have experienced divine consolation under some of the greatest trials humanity is exposed to; — the loss of a most dear husband by a stroke of Providence, as instantaneous as that which put an end to the mortal existence of your beloved child; which misfortune fell upon me before I had overcome the death of a most promising and amiable son. But I resigned my soul to the divine will, not doubting but that all things are ordered for the best by unerring wisdom. I prayed earnestly and frequently for divine aid; and it was graciously and abundantly granted me. I do not doubt, my dear Madam, but that you and your afflicted friend fly to the same source; and I am persuaded you will soon be strengthened to sustain the burden of your griefs, and to rejoice in the midst of affliction;— And is there not, in reality, cause to re-

joice, even now, for the *dear deceased*,
 at least? Only consider the wonderful
 difference between the world he has left,
 and that to which he is removed. Think
 of the difference between a life of certain
 cares, and probable sickness and sorrow,
 and a life of ever-blooming youth and
 endless felicity! You know, my dear
 Madam, that death is not *annihilation*.—
 No; it is *the gate of immortality*,—the
 Jordan which must be passed before any
 mortal can arrive at the heavenly Canaan;
 before any child of God can be put in
 possession of his eternal inheritance; be-
 fore he can obtain the crown of glory;
 before he can be admitted to the pre-
 sence of his God and Saviour. Endeav-
 our, then, I earnestly intreat you, to
 banish from your mind the melancholy
 idea of a mangled corpse, waiting the
 arrival of the coroner; and cherish, in its
 room, the delightful idea of an innocent

soul springing from its tabernacle of earth, and conducted by angels to the mansions of bliss. When the corpse lay in the state above mentioned, it no longer constituted a part of your dear child ; and even the body itself was past all sense of pain. Why, then, should it be an object of lamentation ? But it may be said, that an instant *before* the dear child was living, and hastening with delight to those friends whom he knew would welcome him with joy. Very true ; but was he not an instant after delivered from mortality, and hastening, as we may reasonably suppose, with delight unspeakable, to the presence of his Heavenly Father, whose arms of everlasting mercy were open to receive him ? But his poor afflicted mother is deprived of her greatest earthly comfort. She may then look up with the confidence of hope to the God of Heaven for comfort, far beyond any that mortal can be-

stow. She expected, from his promising virtues, that he would be the stay of her age, the solace of her widowhood.—But are not there promises in Scripture, that, to all whom God sees fit to afflict, he will be himself the sure Friend? Depend upon it, the widow who trusts in God will never be forsaken. This darling child might have laid such hold of her affection, as to have taken her thoughts from heavenly things. A great temptation is certainly taken away by his death. She may now safely indulge the hope of being happy with him,—happy for eternal ages. A few short years of human life will soon pass away. All beyond the grave is bright and inviting to those who love God; to those who love Christ, and wish for his appearing. I beg your pardon, my dear Madam, for thus obtruding my advice upon you, who think so justly and so piously upon all occasions; but that the best of Christians

are apt to faint when sudden afflictions come upon them; and it is the office of friendship to soothe them. I wish you could be prevailed upon to come to us. We could not think it any trouble to contribute all in our power to your consolation. I hope you will excuse the liberty I have taken of requesting a friend of mine to visit you in your present abode, in order to enforce my request. Her name is ———. She is, I believe, going to Liverpool this week. You will find her a charming woman; her mind replete with piety and good sense; she has been tried in the furnace of affliction, and has conducted herself in the most exemplary manner in some of the most critical situations. I am sure you would be delighted with her if you knew her virtues. I hope I was not too late in my application to Mrs. H——, for it would give me particular satisfaction to hear of

you and Mrs. G—— from somebody who had seen and conversed with you.

Believe me, dear Madam,
Your obliged and affectionate friend,
S. T——.

*Copy of a Letter from the late Rev. Dr.
Stewart, of Edinburgh, to Mr. B——,
on the Death of Mrs. Stewart.*

Moulin, February 7, 1799.

Now, my dear brother, I have joyful news to tell! My Louisa is safely arrived at her heavenly home. Her passage was remarkably smooth, and her exit speedy. Yesterday morning her spirit took its departure, about ten o'clock, and long ere now it is with God who gave it. Her strength had been declining every

R

day;—she could speak but little, and with difficulty; but her speech was full of her Saviour's kindness and love to her soul. Two or three days before her death, she was threatened with some degree of suffering, from the feebleness of her frame, but it came no farther. The Lord was pleased to deal most tenderly with her and us, for she breathed her last without a struggle, or a feature discomposed.

But a few years ago, my address to my friends, and to you, I remember, in particular, was *συγχαρηθε μοι*, on what we all reckoned a joyful occasion. Through the grace of God vouchsafed to my dear partner and myself, I am enabled, from my heart, to repeat the same address. I do not forbid you, my dear friends, to weep, it is the expression of many a tender and spiritual emotion; but I do call on you not to grieve or mourn for

me, as for one without hope ; rather let us praise the Lord, and exalt his name together, for his many loving kindnesses and tender mercies ; saying with Job, “ Blessed be the name of the Lord.”

*Extract from a Letter to a Friend in the
near Prospect of Death.*

I have been reading the account in the *Pilgrim's Progress* of the manner in which the pilgrims passed over the river, in sight of the Celestial City, and the Angel bands which were ready to receive them at the other side. I have thought that it might be strengthening to you to remind you of it ; and I shall just copy out the account of the passage of the

pilgrim *Standfast*, who may be considered as a type of every believer who is able to lay hold on the strong Deliverer from sin, and from death.

“When Mr. Standfast had thus set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the river. Now there was a great calm at that time in the river; wherefore Mr. Standfast, when he was about half way in, stood a while, and talked with his companions that had waited upon him thither; and he said, ‘This river has been a terror to many; yea, the thoughts of it have often frightened me, also; now, methinks, I stand easy; my foot is fixed upon that on which the feet of the priests that bore the ark of the Covenant stood, while Israel went over this Jordan. (Joshua, iii. 7.) The waters are, indeed, to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold, yet the thoughts

of what I am going to, and of the conductors that await me at the other side, lie as a burning coal at my heart. I see myself now at the end of my journey; my toilsome days are ended. I am going to see that head that was crowned with thorns, and that face that was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay, and faith; but now I go, where I shall live by sight, and shall be with him, in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of his foot upon the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too. His name has been to me most sweet; yea, sweeter than all perfumes; his voice to me has been delightful; and his countenance I have more desired, than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His words I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against faintings. He

has held me, and hath kept me from mine iniquities ; yea, my steps have been strengthened in his ways.'

"As he went through the river, he said, —'Death, where is thy sting?' And as he went down deeper, he said, 'Grave, where is thy victory?' So, he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him at the other side."

*Letter to a Friend on the Loss of her
infant Daughter.*

MY DEAR FRIEND ;

As circumstances prevent me from being with you on this mournful, but teaching occasion, this seems the only method of conveying to you the sym-

pathies of friendship, which are, perhaps, more truly felt in sorrow than in joy. Yet, while I assure you, that I have indeed felt for, and with you, each sigh and groan of your departed treasure, I will not offer you common-place condolences, but would rather exchange them for christian communion. Let me call upon you to rejoice, that you were honoured, in being, even for so short a time, the nurse of an heir of glory. If it be counted an honour worth seeking for, by the first ladies of the land, to be the nurses of king's children, think how you, my dear friend, have been favoured, a favour unsought for, in having nursed a daughter of the King of kings, during her short sojourn among us, in having sheltered her from the blasts of this waste howling wilderness, as long as she was in a condition to be exposed to them. Sweet, yet somewhat strange, is the idea

of being possessed of a spirit child, the idea seems almost too pure to realize in our degraded state; but, were such associations eradicated from our minds, it would destroy a large portion of our happiness here; and, according to our present apprehensions, hereafter also.— And happily, we are not so entirely composed of body, as not to feel these spiritual relations, for the soul acknowledges them as its nearest and dearest ties. You may rejoice that you have a part of your heart and soul in heaven. Christian philosophers, as I might term them, may tell us, that such things should form no part of our contemplations, with respect to that place where God is all in all. Their assertion would be true, if we were all reasonable, or all divine, but we are human beings; and, though we trust, possessed of renovated souls, yet they are still earthly. And surely the

removal of those we loved here, gives us an increased interest in the place to which they are gone. But will the philosopher again tell us, that such feelings are owing to our corrupt nature; that the tenderest and most refined feelings of our hearts are tainted? It is granted. But the religion of Jesus does not eradicate such dispositions, but it ennobles and elevates them. Jesus himself sanctified them, by being, as man, under their influence,—when He took upon Himself our nature, and bore our infirmities. And the Apostle, while he makes his beautiful climax concerning the assembly in heaven, begins with, “An innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.”

Rejoice, my dear friend, that ere the feet of your darling were defiled by this contaminating world, she was removed to that city, whose streets are of pure

gold,—that ere her voice could speak the language of earth, she was caught up to join the song of the 144,000 who were redeemed from among men,—that ere her hands were entangled with the perplexing cares of life, unto her was given a golden harp, to hymn salvation unto the dear God that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever. We may observe, that there is one song there for the redeemed of all ages, and tongues, and climes; and from the words of that song, we may know what was once the state of those who utter it; and what is their view of themselves, and what of Him to whom their praises are addressed.

Concerning the salvation of infants, let me remind you, that it rests not on mere hope, or vague conjecture, or affectionate wishes, or reasonings; the word of God is, for our consolation, explicit

on this point,—and, we believe, on a scriptural ground, that departed infants are but transient visitors to our earth, touching upon its surface in their way to glory. Let us look at Romans, v. 14, and we shall see that those who have not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression, can refer to no other creatures than infants, and from the connexion between this and the following verses, we may be confident that they are included in the "grace," "life," "righteousness," and "justification," which are there set forth.

How great the reward which you have, even now, obtained, for your care in nourishing the precious charge which was committed to your trust. The reward I allude to, is the teaching lesson, and the gracious invitation you have received. How much may you learn from this afflictive dispensation.

Does not the state to which our little heavenly nurseling is advanced, teach us the free-grace and loving-kindness of the Saviour? She laboured not even one hour in the vineyard; on what then could she found a claim to those vast glories to which she is advanced? Let her own harmonious voice answer, "Unto Him that hath loved me, and washed me from my sins in his own blood," be the glory given: But will it be said, that she had not sinned? Let us turn again to Romans, v. "By one man sin entered into the world, and *death* by sin; and, *so death* passed upon *all* men, for that *all* have ~~sinned~~, — nevertheless, death *reigned* from Adam to Moses, even over them that had ~~not~~ sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression. And observe the description which is given of *all* the glorified;—"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and

have washed their robes, and made them white *in the blood of the Lamb*,—therefore are they before the throne of God.” But again, let me remind you of the gracious invitation you have received. If we are all in the same condition, all saved in the same manner, oh, trust the free grace of God which has thus been manifested to you. Do you also, without a work, lay hold on “His exceeding great and precious promises.” “Behold your lily, it toiled not, neither did it spin; yet I say unto you, that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these!”

Let us who have “sinned after the similitude of Adam’s transgressions,” be quickened to lay hold more firmly of the cross, and to trust more implicitly to the finished work of the Redeemer, who, when we were without strength, died for us. With a sincere desire and

prayer, that this event may be abundantly blessed to all our souls, by that quickening Spirit, who applies to the heart both the providences and word of God,

I remain, my dear ———,
Your sympathizing friend,
A—— C——.

The Lady, to whom this Letter was addressed, was in deep distress of mind.

From the Rev. R. J. M.

July 30, 1816.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND;

It was but yesterday I received your sister's letter, dated the 23rd; by some

delay of the post it was six days on its journey instead of one. I only mention this lest you should imagine that I delayed an hour to answer it, beyond the regular course of the mail. And now what can I say to comfort you? I trust the Lord "who comforteth them that are cast down" will make my poor word a word in season; and yet it is not a poor word which speaketh of the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and end of all consolation; that which casts you so much down, gives me great confidence concerning you, namely, the view you have of your own evil heart of unbelief; this I am sure you never derived from any source but from the Father of Lights; for, "whatsoever maketh manifest is light;" now your heart is in some degree made manifest to your view. I say "in some degree," for "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately

wicked, who can know it?" saith the Lord: "I the Lord try the reins and the heart;" He only then knows the extent of its depravity, and we know it but in part. Now I know that the devil's grand object is to hide us from all view of ourselves; therefore he flatters us that we are good, keeps the world that is in trespasses and sins, and makes the children of God imagine every day that in them there dwelleth at least some good thing; his language to each of us, is the same as it was to our mother, "Thou shalt not surely die." Therefore, my dear friend, when you are given to see the evil of that poor wicked heart of your's, I am sure it is the Lord that shows it to you; however the fiend, since he sees he cannot persuade you that you *are good enough to deserve salvation*, would gladly persuade you that *you are too bad to be saved*. So you *are too bad*, if Jesus is not

almighty, if he is not able to save to the uttermost, if his blood does not cleanse from all sin. Oh, thou of little faith! wherefore dost thou doubt, what are your fears? Alas! I am so sinful! Very well, —“ This is a faithful saying;” mark that word *faithful*, that is a saying of the God of truth who cannot lie, “That Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,” that is, such as you. Oh, but I am such a great sinner! Now, did Christ come to save *little* sinners? sinners with good hearts, and sinners that should pray well, and sinners that had much faith, and sinners that had no fear of death; if he came only to save such as these, I confess I think there is no comfort for you in the Bible. But if he came to save those whose hearts are enmity against him, those who instead of believing in him cry, “Crucify him, crucify him;” or who blaspheme or deny with an oath, “I know

not the man;" or those, who, like the thief, join their associates in reviling him. If Jesus came to save such as these, as we know he did; and if he came "to deliver those who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage;" (Hebrews, ii. 15.) if he came to redeem them from the curse of the law which these vile, accursed, and guilty rebels have entailed upon themselves; if this is what he came to do,—then, "Sing, oh, barren, thou that didst not bear, break forth into singing, and cry aloud." "Fear not, for thou shalt not be ashamed, neither be thou confounded, for thou shalt not be put to shame:" *for thou shalt not be put to shame!* why not? "For thy Maker is thine husband, the *Lord of Hosts* is his name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel, the God of the whole earth shall he be called. For the Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken and

grieved in spirit." *Surely that addresses you.*—Again: "Oh, thou afflicted, tossed with tempests and not comforted;" there is as if your very name were almost written in the Scripture. One would think the prophet had you in his eye; well, what does he say about you? "For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my knowledge shall not depart from me, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee. In righteousness shalt thou be established." Not your own poor "filthy rags," but in the righteousness of Him who is the end of the law for righteousness, whose white robe covers the vilest of the

vile. In this righteousness thou shalt be established; thou shalt be far from oppression, for thou shalt not fear; and from terror, for it shall not come near thee.—Are these exceeding great and precious promises true of the whole church? Then are they as true of every individual member, and of you among the rest. Where, then, is thy fear, when Jehovah saith, Thou shalt not fear, who dare say, *Thou shalt?* The *devil* does. Yes, indeed, he *alone* dare. But what if *he* dare? Shall the word of the father of lies be believed in preference to that of the God of truth? *But you do not believe, and you cannot pray, and you do not feel, and you cannot realize, God's presence, and you cannot conquer fears of death.*—This is your language. Well; and what then? Suppose you cannot;—Do not you see that, in all this, you want *to do something for yourself*, and that you

are looking into yourself to obtain peace? —What shall *I do* to be saved?—"What *good* thing shall *I do* to inherit eternal life?" is still the language of the natural mind. Now, my dear friend, I beseech you, for Christ's sake, be content to *do nothing*, but to lean on Him who *has done all things* for his people. Has not Christ conquered all enemies?—If not, we can do nothing;—we are all lost. But if He has, surely you may be content to depend on the victory he has gained, without wanting to fight the battle over again for yourself. "In all these things," saith Paul, "we are more than conquerors." How?—Is it because we have fought ourselves? No; but "through *Him* that loved us," who is the Captain of our salvation. Can *we* hope to conquer enemies which only *He* could subdue?

There was a poor little sheep once, that was, like all of its species, a weakly

defenceless creature, but it knew not how weak and miserable it was; it was along with its brothers and sisters in the midst of a country infested with wolves and wild beasts, and had fallen a prey to them long before had it not been for the good shepherd who kept his flock safe in a high fold, that all the wolves on earth could never climb over. In this it had lain with the rest of the flock for many a stormy night, secure in its fold, and under its shepherd's care; but one night the wind was roaring, and the rain was beating, and the hungry wolves were howling; and this poor little silly sheep began to be frightened, forgetful of its good shepherd, and its high fold, and of all the nights of howling and storm in which it had lain secure, it began to fear that its enemies would climb over the wall, and that its shepherd would be unable or unwilling to defend it, and that

it must perish. What does it do? It immediately, with wisdom peculiar to such silly creatures, took it into its head, that if it could only get a hold of these wolves itself, it would be able to conquer them all, and thus gain the victory over its enemies, and its apprehensions at once. Accordingly, it addressed another sheep thus; "My dear brother, don't you hear the winds roaring, and the wolves howling?—I'm frightened to death; I shall surely perish. Oh, if I had the wolves under my feet; if I had their fangs out, and if I had gags in their mouths to stop their howlings, then I should be content!—I will go out and fight them." "Alas! poor silly sheep," replied the brother, "What madness possesses you?—Don't you know that a single wolf would kill our whole flock; and are you so beside yourself as to expect to outlive a moment's conflict with, not one, but with a

thousand wolves? Have we not lain here for many a night secure from harm? Is not the fold as good? Is not the dear shepherd the same? Will he not sooner perish than lose one of us?—And what are you afraid of? Lie still, poor silly sheep; it is to our fold, and to our shepherd, we owe our safety;—if it depended on ourselves, or our conquests, we should be lost indeed for ever.”

Was not that a poor silly sheep, my dear sister? And are not you just such another? Now do *lie still*; leave yourself simply to Christ; and whether he gives you pain or comfort;—whether he drives the wolves far away, or lets them come near you, so that you can hear them howling, still *be at rest; lie quiet*; and let the remembrance that he laid down his life for the sheep, teach you that he would sooner lose his throne of glory than one for whom he paid so high a price.

Give my kind regards to your sister; beg of her to write to me, and tell me about you.

May the dear Shepherd of Israel bless this poor word to your soul, to make you rest in peace and joy in the fulness of his salvation! I would go to you, but I was very ill,—never was able to go into the pulpit since I saw you, and could not go to see you from illness when in town.

Farewell, my dear friend. May the peace of Jesus rest on you now and ever. Amen.

Your affectionate friend, &c.

R. J. M.

Extract of a Letter.

July 21, 1821.

“Exhorting them to continue in the faith, and that we must, through much

T

tribulation, enter into the kingdom of God." Such, my dear and suffering friend, are the words of that blessed book, from whence all our comfort is derived. To say that I have felt, and still feel much on your account, would be only telling you what I would fain hope you are already well assured of; I did, indeed, shed many tears over your letter, but they were those of *unbelief*; for it appeared to me impossible, that in your present weak state, you could bear up against such an unexpected stroke; however, our dear and gracious Lord hath spoken better things to me already, and given me, I trust, well-grounded hope that he will, ere long, bind up those wounds, which he has himself, for wise purposes, inflicted; speaking peace to your poor troubled spirit. Oh, may it be so, my very dear friend. Just before I received your letter yesterday, I had been

reading and praying over the text of the day, in "The Christian Remembrancer;" and when I came to that part of your letter, where you say, "If you have a word of consolation for me," that sweet promise contained in the text, seemed to me as if heaven directed, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life." Is there not comfort, in these words, my dear friend, for every time of need? But among the manifold scriptures which might be adduced, beaming with mercy and consolation, there is one containing but few words, which, to my heart, seems to include every other,—“It is the Lord;” this has often spoken peace to my troubled mind, when tempted to think with Jacob, “All these things are against me;” but the blessed words, brought home to the heart by faith, lays the believer, weary and heavy laden, at the foot of the cross;

in much submission to the will of Him, who not only doeth all things, but who doeth all things *well*; for we must never forget that "affliction cometh not forth of the dust." Consider likewise, my dear friend, and *apply* those gracious words of our Saviour, "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Poor selfish creatures as we are, we regret that a saint, ripe for glory, is taken home, not considering "that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come." How differently do we act and feel in temporal and spiritual concerns; had you, and that dear departed saint been travelling together here on earth, along a rough and thorny road; beset with dangers on every side, and pursued by an enemy who sought your life; but which road must be passed to arrive at a mansion, where dwelt both her and your dearest earthly friend: would you

not have hailed with joy a messenger sent by that dear friend to carry your poor weary fellow traveller in his arms to that place of rest, without obliging him any longer to bear the burthen and heat of the day; and more particularly, if he promised to return and fetch you likewise, after you had pulled a few bitter herbs which his departure had occasioned to spring up in your path, and which that dear friend, to whose roof you were hastening, had promised, if *laid at his feet*, to turn into the most delicious fruit and flowers, unfading in their nature. Resolve then, my dear friend, in the strength of the Lord, to mount, with the Prophet Habakkuk, the tower of observation, and try to see those dispensations of your heavenly Father in some such light as this, and may He give your soul an answer of peace, is my fervent prayer. The seventh

chapter of Revelations, from the 13th verse to the end, is very comforting and encouraging. There certainly is a *charm* in the Bible, which none but a believer's heart can feel; it is sufficient, when applied in faith, to heal every wound which flesh is liable to. I pray God it may prove so to you, in this and every instance, my very dear friend. I dare say you have read "Cecil's Friendly Visit;" but probably not when recent afflictions brought its contents home to your heart. I wish I had an opportunity of sending it to you,—but get it and read it as my gift.

With truest affection,

Yours,

*Extract of a Letter.**March 24, 1824.*

I feel very much for the afflicting bereavement that you and your dear sisters have experienced;—but I have seen so much of death, in its worst character, seizing upon persons who have remained blind for years beneath the blaze of gospel light in this place, and yet worse, perhaps, upon those who have made a hollow verbal profession of the faith, but still continued devoted to the world and the flesh, that it was almost a relief to my mind to contemplate the blessed event of a devoted servant of Christ, who had indeed brought forth much fruit in her age; whose children could daily rise up and call her blessed; who evidenced to the world that she was the Lord's disciple, by keeping his commandments; and whose light shone among

men, so that even those who understood not the divine source from whence it emanated, were constrained to glorify God in her. Such a servant called while diligently watching for the summons, and taken to sit down to supper with her Lord; yea, to sit down with Him upon his throne, as one who had overcome in his strength, and through his name. Surely, my dearest friends, as death, so likewise must sorrow, be swallowed up in victory; and you COULD NOT wish to keep her from the crown of righteousness laid up for those who love the appearing of the Lord Jesus; who, having had the old man crucified with Him, are raised up to walk in newness of life, living by faith, rejoicing in hope, and pressing forward to the mark, the prize of their high calling in Christ Jesus. The flesh will mourn, and the eyes will be cast around, unconsciously seeking her who was the

centre of the love, and attentions, and anxieties of your little circle; but, you look a little further beyond that circle, and behold darkness almost covering the earth, and gross darkness the people;—you see the aspect of vice and despair;—you hear the voice of blasphemy, and the shout of that mirth which tendeth to heaviness and eternal lamentation; and then you ask, Who made *her* to differ?—Who brought her into the bonds of that covenant from which so many around her were excluded? And, while you feel that your praise is too poor, too weak, and faint, and polluted, to be worthy of Him who wrought these wonders, do you not rejoice with joy unspeakable, that *she* has learnt the song of Moses and of the Lamb?—that she has joined the cheerful songs of angels round the throne.

An Act of Resignation.

Oh, righteous Judge and Disposer of all events, who shall presume to dictate to Thee ? We are the clay in thy hands, and thou art the Potter.—Lord, what is man, that he should dare to reply against God ?

Great God, thy ways are unsearchable ! —I am dumb ; I open not my mouth, because Thou hast done it. Thou that gavest life, hast a right to take it away. Thou that givest health, success, friendship, and endearment, hast a right to recall them when Thou pleasest. Thou gavest them without desert ; Thou hast a right to take them away without our mourning or repining. Be silent, oh, my soul, hush every thought that would arraign infinite goodness, or would dispute with infinite wisdom.

“The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.” Be this the language of my soul, and may my grief find alleviation.

Help, oh, help me to believe that this very trial is thy appointment; it is what thy wisdom approves, thy goodness ordains; and though I see not the reason of what thou doest now, yet I shall know it hereafter. There the mystery will be unfolded; there I shall praise for what I now deplore. Great, indeed, as is the present affliction, help me to believe, that, could I view the event as my God seeth it, I could then be perfectly satisfied; I should then cordially approve it; I should look at it, and say with holy pleasure, *Thy will be done.*

Thy mercies, O my God, have abounded towards me; blessed be thy holy name, that they were so long continued; my negligence, my forgetfulness, my want

of gratitude, had long ago forfeited all those thy favours; when I reflect on thy forbearance, I forget my woe; my grief subsides; my tears are the expression of my gratitude.

Hast thou taken from me thy bounties, my friends, my child in whom my life seemed bound up; or my partner that was as my own soul: my God, Thou hast taken no more than Thou gavest. Thou art Almighty to sustain, and to make up my loss. Let me rest in Thee, Thou Father of the fatherless, Thou that pleadest the cause of the widow, Thou Friend of the friendless, Thóu Refuge of him that hath none to help him; O sanctify these thy appointments; may they lead me to rest in Thee, the chief good, the Portion of my soul.

I sorrow, but not as one that hath no hope; I mourn, but am not desolate. Oh, Thou Lamb of God, Thou Man of

sorrows, Thou wast once acquainted with grief; Thou art still touched with a feeling of our infirmities; have mercy upon me: in tender pity bow my will to thine; preserve me from a rebellious spirit; enable me to drink the cup my Father hath given me; may I trust thy providence, may I rely on thy promise, and leave every concern with Thee. Thou speakest to my soul, "Be still, and know that I am God." May I know that Thou art God, and then I shall be still. Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief. May these afflictions yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness while I live, and when I die, work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Amen.

A PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

O LORD, leave me not, poor and helpless sinner that I am, in my most healthful state; leave me not especially, I beseech thee, in the low, the languid, the distressing circumstances of infirmity and disease! Jesus Master, Thou art said to have borne our sicknesses, because Thou bearest the sins which occasioned them; take, take away from my conscience the guilt which brought disease, and then the worst part of its misery shall likewise be done away; and when, through my feebleness or disorder, I cannot act faith upon thy love, oh, lift my drooping spirit, carry me as one of thy lambs in thy bosom, enfold me in thy gracious arms, and let my soul wholly

commit itself, and give up its all, in quiet resignation to Thee! If Thou raise me from my sickness, grant that it may be for setting forth of thy glory among men. If thou take me by sickness from this world, oh, Thou hope and life of my soul, receive me to thyself, my everlasting happiness, and present me as another monument of sovereign grace, before the great assembly of saints and angels in thy kingdom of heaven!

P O E T R Y.

U 3

POETRY.



THE LILY.

How withered, perished, seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root !
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit !

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds ;
Nor sees within the dark embrace,
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The Lily wraps her silver vest,
'Till vernal suns, and vernal gales,
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap,
The undelighting slighted thing ;
There in the cold earth, buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring !

Oh ! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still, in undisturbed repose,
Uninjured lies, the future birth.

And ignorance, with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view ;
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet tear of hope ; delicious tear !
The sun, the shower indeed shall come ;
The promised verdant shoot appear,
And nature bid her blossoms bloom !

And thou, O virgin queen of spring !
Shalt from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed.

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals silvery light,
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So faith shall seek the lowly dust,
Where humble sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes entrust,
And watch with patient, cheerful eye ;

And bear the long cold wint'ry night,
And bear her own degraded doom,
And wait till heaven's reviving light,
Eternal spring ! shall burst the gloom.

M. T.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

**YE friends who stand around my bed,
And weep to see me die,
Let not your tears for me be shed,
I see salvation nigh !**

**O could ye view the things of earth,
As I this moment view ;
Its pleasures of how little worth,
Its fairest hopes untrue.**

**Swift would ye run the heavenly race,
Nor pause to look behind,
Till an eternal resting place,
Your weary souls should find.**

**Tho' dimly thro' the veil of sense,
Immortal glories shine,
Gladly my soul departs from hence,
To snatch the prize divine !**

The opening prospects that I see,
Ye cannot now behold,
Till entering on eternity,
Their radiant forms unfold !

Yon bright, eternal, countless throng
Beckon my soul from earth,
And welcome with celestial song,
An heir of heavenly birth !

Lo ! on their white and dazzling dress,
No stains of sin appear ;
Each in his Saviour's righteousness,
Shines as the starry sphere !

The chariot waits to bear me home,
Ye friends awhile adieu !
Where parting sorrows never come,
O may I meet with you !

Father ! whose summons I obey,
Hear me for Jesu's sake !
And to the realms of endless day,
My joyful spirit take !

BY THE REV. RICHARD CECIL, ON HIS
INFANT CHILD WHO DIED AT DAY
BREAK.

Let me go, for the day breaketh.

CEASE here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother drown'd in woe ;
Now thy kind caresses pain me,
Morn advances,—let me go.

See yon orient streak appearing,
Harbinger of endless day ;
Hark ! a voice, the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away !

Lately launched a trembling stranger,
On the world's wild boisterous flood,
Pierc'd with sorrows, toss'd with danger,
Gladly I return to God.

Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart find rest ;
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
Softer pillow than thy breast.

Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
 Upward turning t'ward their home ;
 Raptured, they'll forget all anguish,
 While they wait to see thee come.

There my mother, pleasures center,
 Weeping, parting, care, or woe,
 Ne'er our Father's house shall enter,
 Morn advances,—let me go.

As thro' this calm, holy dawning,
 Silent glides my parting breath,
 To an everlasting morning,—
 Gently close my eyes in death.

Blessings endless, richest blessings,
 Pour their streams upon thy heart !
 (Though no language yet possessing,)
 Breathes my spirit ere we part.

Yet to leave thee sorrowing, rends me,
 Tho' again his voice I hear ;
 Rise ! may every grace attend thee,
 Rise ! and seek to meet me there !

I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness.

Psalm, xvii. 15.

WHAT tongue can tell, what fancy paint,
The joys that fill th' enraptur'd saint !
When mix'd with heav'n's triumphant throng,
He shares their bliss, and swells their song.

He feels no pain, he fears no want,
His portion all that God can grant ;
To see the Saviour as he is,
And dwell in heav'n with him and his.

No darkness now obscures his mind ;
The darkness all is left behind ;
And objects lately half conceal'd,
In full resplendence stand reveal'd.

His love, so cold, so mix'd before,
In heav'n is cold, is mix'd no more ;
It gains the region whence it came,
And lives a pure eternal flame.

He dwells exempt from all alarm;
 No world is there to fright or charm;
 No foes to plot against his peace;
 No sin to give their schemes success.

O may I reach that blest abode,
 Where saints obtain their rest in God!
 For this let every conflict here,
 As nothing in my sight appear.

God of my life! on Thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

Friend of the friendless, and the faint!
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
 Where, but with thee, whose open door,
 Invites the helpless and the poor!

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
 Doth not the word still fix'd remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain?

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer ;
But a pray'r-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under ev'ry load.

Poor tho' I be, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

And I said, O that I had wings like a dove, &c.

Psalm, lv. 6.

O HAD I the wings of a dove,
 I'd make my escape, and begone ;
 I'd mix with the spirits above,
 Who encompass you heavenly throne ;
 I'd fly from all labour and toil,
 To the place where the weary have rest ;
 I'd haste from contention and broil,
 To the peaceful abode of the blest.

How happy are they who no more
 Have to fear the assaults of the foe !
 Arriv'd on the heavenly shore ;
 They have left all their conflicts below ;
 They are far from all danger and fear,
 While remembrance enhances their joys,
 As the storm when escap'd will endear
 The retreat which the haven supplies.

Around that magnificent throne,
 Where the Lamb all his glory displays ;
 United for ever in one,
 His people are singing his praise ;

How holy, how happy are they !
 No tongue can express their delight ;
 My soul, now unwilling to stay,
 Prepares for its heavenly flight.

But why do I wish to be gone ?
 Do I wish from the danger to flee ?
 And shall I do nothing for one,
 Who was once such a sufferer for me ?
 Ah, Lord, let me think of the day,
 When thou wast "rejected of men,"
 And put the base wish far away ;
 And never be fearful again.

Nor less my perverseness forgive ;
 That when ease and prosperity come ;
 Thy servant is willing to live ;
 And his exile prefers to his home ;
 Ah, Lord, what a creature am I !
 Sure nothing can heighten my guilt ;
 Forgive me, forgive me, I cry,
 And make me whatever thou wilt.

*What manner of Man is this, that even the wind
and the sea obey him? Mark, iv. 41.*

WHY those fears? behold 'tis Jesus,
Holds the helm, and guides the ship;
Spread the sails and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions,
Where the mourners cease to weep.

Could we stay where death was hov'ring,
Could we rest on such a shore?
No, the awful truth discov'ring,
We could linger there no more:
We forsake it,
Leaving all we lov'd before.

Though the shore we hope to land on,
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And with Jesus,
Though the trackless deep move on.

Led by that, we brave the ocean,
Led by that the storms defy :
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that the Lord is nigh.
Waves obey him,
And the storms before him fly.

Rendered safe by his protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste ;
Trusting to his wise protection,
We shall gain the port at last ;
And with wonder,
Think on toils and danger past.

Oh, what pleasures there await us !
There the tempests cease to roar :
There it is that those who hate us,
Can molest our peace no more.
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

HYMN IN A STORM.

IN the floods of tribulation,
 While the billows o'er me roll,
 Jesus whispers consolation,
 And supports my sinking soul :
 Thus, the lion yields me honey,
 From the eater food is given,
 Strengthen'd thus I still press forward,
 Singing as I wade to heaven,—
 Sweet affliction ! Sweet affliction !
 That brings Jesus to my soul !

'Mid the gloom the vivid lightnings,
 With increased brightness play ;
 'Mid the thornbrake beauteous flow'rets,
 Look more beautiful and gay :
 So in darkest dispensations,
 Doth my faithful LORD appear,
 With his richest consolations,
 To re-animate and cheer.
 Sweet affliction ! Sweet affliction !
 Thus to bring my Saviour near !

Floods of tribulation heighten,
 Billows still around me roar ;
 Those who know not CHRIST, ye frighten,
 But my soul defies your pow'r.
 In the sacred page recorded,
 Thus his word securely stands,
 "Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
 Nought shall pluck thee from my hands."
 Sweet affliction ! Sweet affliction !
 That to such sweet words lay claim !

All I meet, I find assist me
 In my path to heav'nly joy,
 Where, though trials now attend me,
 Trials never more annoy ;
 Wearing there a weight of glory,
 Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
 But reflecting how it led me
 To my blessed Saviour's seat,—
 Cry, Affliction ! Sweet affliction !
 Haste ! Bring more to Jesu's feet !

S. PEARCE.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

SISTER beloved ! from sorrow free,
No cypress wreath I weave for thee ;
Around thy brow, a crown divine
I see, with rays of glory shine !

This sable stole mourns not for thee,
For thou art robed immortally ;
'Midst angel bands and sons of fire,
Thy soul is clad in bright attire !

For thee, no funeral dirge I raise,
Thy harp is tuned alone to praise ;
Nor canst thou hear the strains of woe
That echo from this world below.

To thee each sorrow, trial, fear,
Now signs of heavenly love appear,
And viewed in everlasting light,
Seem grace and mercy infinite !

And oft by sin and care opprest,
I sigh to share thy peaceful rest,
As creatures o'er my heart again,
Recover their despotic reign !

O sainted sister ! if like thee,
 Afflictions must my portion be,
For this, like thee, oh, may I raise
 To Jesus, sweeter notes of praise,
 'Till death my waiting soul shall bring,
 To *see* the glories of my King !

The dear friend, on whom the foregoing lines were written, was a beautiful instance of the power of faith.—She was “chosen in the furnace of affliction,” and brought, through much tribulation, to the kingdom of God. Her holy and consistent walk was an evidence that the religion she professed was a living principle,—her chief earthly anxiety related to a member of her family, who knew not the Lord ; and though she was not permitted, during life, to see the translation from the kingdom of darkness unto that of God’s dear Son, yet her dying testimony was the instrument of effecting it,—and now she rejoices in heaven over one that was dead, and is alive again, who was lost, and is *found*.

LINES

ON THE

DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN.

*That God,—whose you are, who hath abounded
towards you in the blessings of his providence,
and has reserved for you the treasures of ever-
lasting glory, called for a sacrifice,—and though
one of the fairest flowers in your garden, he
had reason to expect it should be, on your part,
a free-will offering.*

BOWDEN.

O YE, whose mournful forms appear,
Beside your darling Henry's bier,
Now let a sorrowing stranger too,
Gaze on his breathless clay with you !

Well may ye mourn a first-born son,
His race of virtue scarce begun,
Ere ye beheld, with streaming eyes,
From earth his sainted spirit rise.

Y

Much hath the bounteous King of heaven
 To you in mercy freely given,
 Now be the fairest fruits restored,
 A willing offering to the Lord!

Ye would have sought your offspring dear,
 A station in the temple *here*,
 But Jesu's love prepared a place,
 Where he beholds him face to face.

What, though ye saw them swiftly move,
 The darts of death were tipped with love,
 And in *that love* supremely blest,
 Your Henry, smiling, sunk to rest!

Cease then to mourn his early doom,
 Nor wish him rescued from the tomb,
 For lo! to yonder courts of light,
 His seraph soul has winged its flight!

Rest on the Saviour's promise still,
 And tarrying, wait his gracious will;
 Ere long a voice shall bid you come,
 And Henry breathe your welcome home!

July, 1816.

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER
ON THE
DEATH OF A DARLING CHILD.

THERE was the parting sigh ;
 With that the spirit fled,
And wing'd its flight on high,
 And left the body dead :
No prayers, no tears, its flight could stay,
'Twas Jesus called the soul away.

Oh, how shall I complain,
 Of him who rules above ;
Who sends no needless pain,
 Who always smites in love :
Who looks in tend'rest pity down,
E'en when he seems to wear a frown !

The eye of Jesus wept,
 It dropt a holy tear,
When Mary's brother " slept,"
 A friend to Jesus dear ;
Delightful thought ! that blessed eye,
Still beams with kindness in the sky !

I know my babe is blest,
 Her bliss by Jesus given ;
 She's early gone to rest,
 She's found an early heaven ;
 The sigh that closed her eyes on earth,
 Was signal of her happier birth.

But ah, my spirits fail,
 I feel a pang untold,
 Those ruby lips so pale !
 That blushing cheek so cold !
 And dim those eyes of "dewy light,"
 That smiled and glanced so sweetly bright.

To lay that darling form,
 So lovely e'en in death,
 Food for corruption's worm,
 The mould'ring earth beneath !
 Oh, worse to me than twice to part,
 Than second death-stroke to my heart !

As summer-flower she grew,
 Expanding to the morn,
 All gemm'd with sparkling dew,
 A flower without a thorn,
 A mother's sweet and lovely flower,
 Sweeter and lovelier every hour.

But, ah ! my morning bloom
 Scarce felt the warming ray :
 An unexpected gloom
 Obscured the rising day ;
 A dreary, cold, and with'ring blast,
 Low on the ground its beauties cast.
 Its glist'ning leaves are shed,
 That spread so fresh and fair,
 The balmy fragrance fled,
 That scented all the air ;
 And lowly laid its lifeless form,
 The gentle victim of the storm !

But why in anguish weep ?
 Hope beams upon my view,
 'Tis but a winter's sleep,—
 My flowers shall spring anew,
 Each darling flower in earth that sleeps,
 O'er which fond mem'ry hangs and weeps ;—

All to new life shall rise,
 In heavenly beauty bright,
 Shall charm my ravished eyes,
 In tints of rainbow light ;
 Shall bloom unfading in the skies,
 And drink the dews of Paradise !

Oh, this is blest relief!

My fainting heart it cheers;

It cools my burning grief,

And sweetens all my tears,

These eyes shall see my darling then,

Nor shed a parting tear again!

And while my bleeding heart,

Laments for comforts gone,

I only mourn a part,—

I am not left alone:

Though nipt some buds of opening joy,

How many still my thanks employ!

And *thou!* my second heart,

Loved partner of my grief,

Heaven bids not *thee* depart,

Of earthly joys the chief;

A favoured wife and mother still,

Let grateful praise my bosom fill!

RALPH WARDLAW.—*Edinburgh.*

LINES WRITTEN BY A MOTHER.

Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

**J. W. was taken to early rest on Tuesday,
February 1, 1820, aged 2 years and 8 days.**

*The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away,
blessed be the name of the Lord!*

**He's gone, — I watch'd the near approach of
death,**

**I sadly mark'd the last faint lingering breath,
He's pale and cold, — he smiles, he hears, no
more;**

**His little earthly joys and pains are o'er,
His mother's tears drop warmly on his face,
He feels them not, nor heeds her fond embrace;
'Tis vain to call my darling, vain to weep,
Nought can awake him from his long, long sleep,
My bosom oft sustained his drooping head,
But cold and dreary must now be his bed ;**

No more with gentle voice his accents fall,
 His own mamma's beloved name to call.
 Can nothing now relieve my aching heart?
 No balm to heal the deep corroding smart?
 Oh, yes! while nature weeps o'er lifeless clay,
 Faith points to regions of eternal day;
 A mother's feeling wring the parting sigh,
 But hope looks up, and soars beyond the sky.
 Maternal love exclaims, "Alas, my son!"
 But grace replies, "Oh, Lord, thy will be done!"
 Freed from a body oft with pain distressed,
 He dwells above in everlasting rest,
 No sin, no sorrow, now shall weigh him down,
 Without the conflict, he has gained the crown.
 Hush, then regret, each murm'ring thought be
 still,
 And bow submissive to his sov'reign will,
 Who, tho' he strike, in mercy sheaths the rod,
 And shows himself an ever-present God;
 Farewell, my babe! I soon shall follow thee,
 But thou, alas! shall ne'er return to me;
 A long farewell,—till the last trumpet's sound
 Shall wake thy slumb'ring ashes from the ground,
 Then may we meet with all the ransom'd throng,
 And praise Immanuel's love, in endless song.

EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

**ON life's wild ocean, sorrowful and pain'd,
How many voyagers their course perform ;
This little bark a kinder fate obtained,
It reach'd the harbour ere it met the storm.**

The following lines were occasioned by the death of a young man at P——, who was called away in a manner most awfully sudden, by a kick from a horse, which terminated his existence in three days. — He received the summons, not only with resignation, but with triumphant joy,—and as long as strength was afforded, expressed the firmest reliance on the merits, the love, and faithfulness of the Saviour, and exhorted all his surrounding friends to flee unto him for refuge, as the only hope set before sinners in the Gospel. After this exhortation, he said, “The cold hand of death is upon me, but the gates are not yet open; in one hour they will be thrown wide, and the Lord will receive me.”—At the expiration of the hour, he raised himself, and exclaiming, “Now is the accepted time,—here I am,—Lord Jesus, take me now,”—he expired with a smile of such heavenly rapture, that even his poor widowed mother, whose joy and blessing he had been, said to the writer of this, that “she dared not weep for him.”

ADDRESSED TO THE
MOTHER AND SISTERS
OF ———, OF P——.

O GRIEVE not for him, with the wildness of
sorrow,

As those that in hopeless despondency weep;
From God's holy word, consolation we borrow,
For souls that in Jesus confidingly sleep.

Lament not your loved-one, but triumph the
rather,

To think on the promise, the prayer of the
Lamb,

"Your joy shall be full,"—and, "I will, O my
Father!

That those whom thou gav'st me, may be
where I am."

His own sacred lip, the assurance hath given,

"Believe in your God, in your Saviour believe;

"I go to prepare you a mansion in heaven,

"And quickly returning, my own will receive."

And was it not so with your darling, when saying,
 The gate would unclose, and the Saviour appear?
 Like Stephen, the glory of Jesus surveying,
 He breathed out his spirit with "Lord, I am
 here."

And where is that spirit?—wash'd white in the
 fountain,
 Presented unblameably pure at the throne;
 The love and the mercy of Jesus recounting,
 To souls that are dwelling in joy like his own.

In rapture unsated, in glory unclouded,
 He rests before God, with the angels of light;
 Till the form in corruption, and darkness now
 shrouded,
 Shall rise at the trump, with the soul to unite.

Refined from his grossness, and purged from the
 leaven,
 Its sins blotted out, and its sorrows all fled;
 Made meet for a bright habitation in heaven,
 Oh! who would not rest with the justified dead?

Nay, weep not for him,—for the flow'r of the
morning,

So dear to your bosoms, so fair to your eyes ;
But weep for the souls unbelievingly scorning
The counsel and truth of the “God only wise.”

He came to the cross, while his young cheek was
blooming,

And raised to the Lord the bright glance of
his eye.

And when, o'er its beauty, death's darkness was
glooming,

The cross did uphold him,—the Saviour was
nigh.

I saw the black pall o'er his relics extended ;

I wept,—but they were not the tear-drops of
woe ;

The pray'r of my soul, that, in fervour ascended,
Was, “Lord, when thou callest, like him may I
go !”

THE
GARDENER AND ROSE TREE;
A FABLE;

Affectionately addressed to Mrs. J. H——, on the Death of her Child, by her truly sympathizing Friend, S. PEARCE. March 12, 1798.

IN a sweet spot, which wisdom chose,
Grew an unique and lovely Rose ;¹
A flow'r so fair was seldom borne,—
A Rose almost without a Thorn.
Each passing stranger stopp'd to view
A plant possessing charms so new ;
“ *Sweet flow'r !*” each lip was heard to say,—
Nor less the owner pleas'd than they :
Rear'd by his hand, with constant care,
And planted in his choice parterre,
Of all his garden this the pride,
No flow'r so much admir'd beside.

Nor did the Rose unconscious bloom,
 Nor feel ungrateful for the boon;
 Oft as her guardian came that way,
 Whether at dawn or eve of day,
 Expanded wide,—her form unveil'd,
 She *double fragrance* then exhal'd.

As months roll'd on, the Spring appear'd,
 Its genial rays the Rose matur'd;
 Forth from its root a *shoot* extends,—
 The parent Rose Tree downward bends,
 And, with a joy unknown before,
 Contemplates the yet embryo flow'r.

“Offspring, most dear,” she fondly said,
 “Part of myself!—Beneath my shade,
 Safe shalt thou rise, while happy I,
 Transported with maternal joy,
 Shalt see thy little buds appear,
 Unfold, and bloom in beauty here.
 What, though the Lily, or Jonquil,
 Or Hyacinth, no longer fill
 The space around me,—*All* shall be
 Abundantly made up in *Thee*.”

"What, though my present charms decay,
 And passing strangers no more say
 Of *me*, 'Sweet flow'r!'—Yet *thou* shalt raise
 Thy blooming head, and gain the praise;
 And this reverberated pleasure,
 Shall be to me a world of treasure.
 Cheerful I part with former merit,
 That it my darling may inherit.
 Haste then the hours which bid thee bloom,
 And fill the zephyrs with perfume!"

Thus had the Rose Tree scarcely spoken,
 Ere the sweet cup of bliss was broken;—
 The Gard'ner came, and, with one stroke,
 He, from the root, the offspring took;
 Took from the soil wherein it grew,
 And hid it from the parent's view.

Judge ye, who know a mother's cares
 For the dear tender babe she bears,
 The parent's anguish,—ye, alone,
 Such sad vicissitudes have known.

Deep was the wound; nor slight the pain
 Which made the Rose Tree thus complain:—

"Dear little darling! Art thou gone?—
 Thy charms, scarce to thy mother known!
 Remov'd so soon!—So suddenly,
 Snatch'd from my fond maternal eye!
 What hast thou done?—Dear offspring, say!—
 So *early* to be snatch'd away!
 What! Gone for *ever*!—Seen *no more*?
 For *ever* I thy loss deplore!
 Ye dews descend, with tears supply
 My now for ever tearful eye;
 Or, rather, come some *northern blast*,
 Dislodge my yielding roots in haste.
Whirlwinds arise,—my branches tear,
 And to some distant region bear,
 Far from this spot, a wretched mother,
 Whose fruit and joys are gone together."

As thus the anguish'd Rose Tree cry'd,
 Her Owner near her she espy'd;
 Who, in these gentle terms, reprov'd
 A plant, though murm'ring, still belov'd:—

"Cease, beauteous flow'r, these useless cries,
 And let my lessons make thee wise.

Art thou not mine? Did not my hand
 Transplant thee from the barren sand,
 Where, once a mean unsightly plant,
 Expos'd to injury and want,
 Unknown, and unadmir'd, I found,
 And brought thee to this fertile ground ;
 With studious art improv'd thy form,
 Secur'd thee from th' inclement storm ;
 And, through the seasons of the year,
 Made thee my unabating care?—
 Hast thou not blest thy happy lot,
 In such an Owner,—such a spot?
 But now, because thy shoot I've taken,
 Thy best of Friends must be forsaken.
 Know, flow'r belov'd, e'en this affliction
 Shall prove to thee a benediction ;
 Had I not the young plant remov'd,
 (So fondly by thy heart belov'd,)
 Of me thy heart would scarce have thought,
 With gratitude no more be fraught :—
 Yea, thy own beauty be at stake,
 Surrender'd, for thy offspring sake.
 Nor think, that, hidden from thine eyes,
 The infant plant *neglected* lies.—
 No ;—I've *another garden*, where,
 In richer soil, and purer air,

It's now transplanted ; there to shine
In beauties, fairer far than thine.

“ Nor shalt thou always be apart
From the dear darling of thy heart ;
For, 'tis my purpose *thee* to bear
In future time, and plant thee there,
Where thy now absent off-set grows,
And blossoms, a CELESTIAL *Rose*.
Be patient, then, till that set hour shall come,
When thou and thine shall in new beauties bloom :
No more its absence shalt thou then deplore,
Together grow, and ne'er be parted more.”

These words to silence hush'd the plaintive
Rose,
With deeper blushes redd'ning now she glows ;
Submissive bow'd her unrepining head,
Again her wonted grateful fragrance shed ;—
Cry'd, “Thou hast taken only what's thine own ;
Therefore, thy will, my Lord, not mine, be done.”

L I N E S

*Written on seeing a Mourning Ring inscribed with
the words, "Not lost,—but gone before."*

SAY, why should friendship grieve for those,
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore,
Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost,—but gone before?

How many painful days on earth,
Their fainting spirits number'd o'er;
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth,
They are not lost,—but gone before.

DEATH is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains which angels pour,
Oh, why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost,—but gone before.

Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share,
Who are not lost,—but gone before.

To Zion's peaceful courts above,
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing in the arms of love,
The friends not lost,—but gone before.

On Jordan's bank, where'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus, convey us safely home,
To friends, not lost,—but gone before!

HAGAR IN THE DESERT.

**INJURED, hopeless, faint, and weary,
Sad, indignant, and forlorn,
Through the desert, wild and dreary,
Hagar leads the child of scorn.**

**Who can speak a mother's anguish,
Painted in that tearless eye,
Which beholds her darling languish,
Languish unreliev'd, and die ?**

**Lo, the empty pitcher fails her,
Perishing with thirst, he dies ;
Death, with deep despair, assails her,
Piteous, as for aid, he cries !**

**From the dreadful image flying,
Wild, she rushes from the sight ;
In the agonies of dying,
Can she see her soul's delight ?**

Now bereft of every hope,
 Cast upon the burning ground ;
 Poor abandon'd soul!—Look up ;
 Mercy hath thy sorrows found.

Lo ! the angel of the Lord,
 Comes thy great distress to cheer ;
 Listen to the gracious word ;
 See, divine relief is near.

Care of Heaven !—though man forsake thee,
 Wherefore vainly dost thou mourn ?
 From thy dream of woe awake thee,
 To thy rescued child return.

Lift thine eyes, behold yon fountain,
 Sparkling 'mid those fruitful trees :
 Lo ! beneath yon sheltering mountain,
 Smile for thee green bowers of ease.

In the hour of sore affliction,
 God hath seen and pitied thee ;
 Cheer thee in the sweet conviction,
 Thou henceforth his care shall be.

**“ Be no more by doubts distressed,
Mother of a mighty race !
By contempt no more oppressed,
Thou hast found a resting place.**

**Thus from peace and comfort driven,
Thou, poor soul, all desolate,
Hopeless lay, till pitying Heaven
Found thee in thy abject state.**

**O'er thy empty pitcher mourning,
'Mid the desert of the world ;
Thus with shame and anguish burning,
From thy cherish'd comforts hurl'd.**

**See thy great Deliverer nigh,
Calls thee from thy sorrow vain ;
Bids thee on his love rely,
Bless the salutary pain.**

**From thine eyes the mists dispelling,
Lo, the well of life He shows !
In his presence ever dwelling,
Bids thee find thy true repose.**

**Future prospects, rich in blessing,
Open to thy hopes secure,
Sure of endless joys possessing,
Of an heavenly kingdom sure.**

M. T.

ON THE
DEATH
OF A
CHRISTIAN.

RISE, ye sweetest, hallow'd numbers !
Breathe my harp thy gentlest strain ;
Soft, — it will not break his slumbers ;
Lo, he sleeps, — nor wakes again.

On his brow, a peace benignant,
Sheds on death her sun-like ray ;
Sheathes in light its dart malignant,
Soothes its bitterness away.

Could I view the spirit fleeting,
Springing to the world on high ;
While the heart still flutt'ring, beathing,
Scarce resigns its parting sigh.

View its lightness, loos'd from anguish,
Soaring on its azure wing ;
Now no longer doom'd to languish,
Won the victory, heal'd the sting ;

No, I would not, gentlest being !
Best lov'd spirit call thee thence !
Tho' concealed, content with seeing,
Bright, thro' faith, thy path from hence.

Can I mark thee, still with weeping,
Shelter'd in a Saviour's breast ?
No,—but ah, may I when sleeping,
Thus in death, partake thy rest !

FUNERAL ANTHEM.**(MILLMAN.)**

**BROTHER, thou art gone before us, and thy
sainted soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and
sorrow is unknown;
From the burthen of the flesh, and from care
and fear released,
When the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.**

**The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er, and
borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach
his blest abode.
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus, upon his
Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.**

Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt thy faith
assail,

Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ, and the
Holy Spirit fail.

And there thou'rt sure to meet the good, whom
on earth thou lovest best,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

“Earth to earth,” and “dust to dust,” the
solemn priest hath said,

So we lay the turf above thee now, and seal thy
narrow bed :

But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the
faithful blest,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou
hast left behind,

May we, untainted by the world, as sure a wel-
come find ;

May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a
glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

FUNERAL HYMN,

**BY THE RIGHT REV. REGINALD HEBER,
BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.**

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not
deplore thee,
Tho' sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb!
The Saviour has passed through its portals
before thee,
And the Lamb of his love is thy light thro' the
gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold
thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to unfold
thee,
And sinners may hope since the sinless hath
died!

Thou art gone to the grave ! and its mansion
forsaking,

Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt linger'd long ;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on
thee waking,

And the sound which thou heard'st was the
Seraphim's song !

Thou art gone to the grave ! but t'were vain to
deplore thee,

When God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy
Guide ;

He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore
thee,

And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath
died.

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“What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letter should be set
Among the high tides in the Calendar?”

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